

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

MAY 20



Wide World

Glenna Collett (left) shakes hands with Alexa Stirling after winning the National Women's Golf Championship
October, 1925

In this Issue • GOLF for Young Players, Chapter I,
by GLENNA COLLETT • Powel Crosley, Jr., by
Earl Reeves • Stories by A. Rutledge, Gladys Blake

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

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AS I travel from city to city and see so many boys and girls on the golf links and see the many others wielding homemade putter and cast-off driver, I have decided that the game which finds so much favor in my sight is fast coming to the fore and is winning a place of its own in our American homes, and that the brassies and the mashies are finding their proper place alongside the baseball bats and the hockey sticks in any convenient corner of the home.

At the foot of that ladder of golf which leads to the heights of a championship, I was much like any other beginner at the game. I dreamed very little about championships and victories. There is something quite natural about a youngster taking to this game, for there is a big stick with which to make a lusty hit, there is a quiet, demure and rather harmless-looking ball to whack, and there is a wide expanse over which to roam. All these appealed to me, and added to that was the attraction of being with my father. He was fond of the game, and I liked to be with him; and I owe everything to his help and encouragement.

I often wished, long before I ever took up the game of golf, that I could be a caddy, principally because I could then accompany my father over the links and be a help rather than a hindrance.

Now that I am older I still might be wishing that I had begun as a caddy, for it must be a great and glorious feeling to write about how you began at the very foot of the ladder and climbed up every rung to success at the summit. But I am not in a class with bank presidents and the like who began as office boys and made great men of themselves; nor yet am I like our great Abraham Lincoln; for such men have risen to fame and prominence in a line of work while mine is only a line of play. Mine is for fun and pleasure, not for bread and butter, which is far more important. Mine is just a side line to make work more pleasant and sweet. When a person lets golf get hold of him in any other manner it is not so good, unless that person intends to make a business of it.

A Collection of Old Balls

AS a chance for collecting, my early attempts at golf were very successful, for they gave me ample opportunity to indulge my habit and craze for gathering. My natural bent for getting into the rough made my ball collection increase daily.

Since my collection was composed of humble makes and those of lowly origin, and as most of its members had been under the snow, the leaves or the grass for unknown periods of time, I must admit that it could not boast of being lily white in color. Hence it was that I went into the painting business with avidity.

By means of a strong solution of lye and water I removed all the old paint, or as much of the paint that weather and use had allowed to remain. When a new coat of paint and enamel was on and dried proud indeed was I of my possessions in their robes of angelic whiteness. To me my success was at once apparent, and I was all for doing likewise to my father's until my mother found out that the strong solution of lye had worked havoc with the kitchen linoleum, and that her best cake-cooler was none the better for having been used as my drying rack. However, I had learned how to make old balls look like new, and that was a bit of knowledge worth while, although I was not mentioning the painting business for some time to come.

Eye on the Ball—Follow Through

I WAS just as good as any other beginner at the game for losing golf balls, and I had to learn by actual experience what it meant to watch the ball; but I came near losing all I owned in quite a different manner. On coming into the house one day I dropped my bag of balls on the radiator in the hall, and when the heat had done its work I found all my white friends sitting on flat pedestals, wholly unfitted for future use. Perhaps from that experience I learned a profitable lesson. For the young, green player,



Glenna Collett practices a drive from the first tee of the Boca ciega course at St. Petersburg, Fla.

Golf for Young Players

I. At the Foot of the Ladder

By GLENNA COLLETT
Women's National Amateur Champion

one little point in the golf game which is of the utmost importance is that the ball collapses at the moment of meeting between ball and club head. Of all the things one is supposed to know about the game that point is the least understood and worked upon, else we might all be more anxious to pay more attention to going after the ball, or, as we sometimes say, we might be more intent on throwing the club head at the ball. This would mean that we would be staying with the ball as long as possible while it is going through the collapsing process.

For wood shots and iron shots I am not averse to playing with any kind of ball, for the flight of an old ball or of a new one is secondary to the many other things to be thought of in the golf stroke. But for practicing on the green I am much in favor of using the best balls I can find. However, my first years at the game were not marked with any particular attention to the putting department.

For that reason I played for four years without winning anything. It always seemed

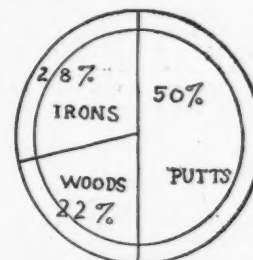
such a waste of good time to me to bother about the short ones when I could get such a thrill out of hitting the good long ones. I think that now I have a better idea of the importance of all the strokes and realize that the scores of even the best performers have no room on them for the counts of the missed short ones. A putt of an inch counts in this game just as much as a drive of two hundred yards.

Importance of Various Strokes

THERE is a circular graph to which I think every boy and girl golfer should give a bit of attention. It shows the emphasis that is put on the putting section of the game. Suppose the par of the course is seventy-two; then exactly thirty-six strokes are allowed for putting, or just half of the circle. There is then only a small percentage for the woods and the irons.

This is the graph, and I am sure that, if I could have seen the true story behind it and understood it thoroughly earlier in my game,

I could have saved myself many strokes. I was so bad once that, having reached the green with a long drive and a lusty brassie, I was seven on the card before I was finished. Nowadays no boy or girl takes arithmetic or algebra without learning the graph reading, and I know that, if I wanted golf to flourish by means of good scoring, I would have this score graph put in all the mathematics books of the land.



If you think that golf is all spectacular drives, look at this! Fully half the strokes you make are putts—short, accurate shots on a small area of lawn grass, called the green.

One of my earliest instructors was a "pro" at the Metacomet Club named John Anderson. This teacher of mine had a very fine sense of rhythm, and if I can remember him for nothing else except the fact that he insisted that I swing with musical rhythm I am quite satisfied. He must have been very fond of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," for I remember that he was fond of singing to me:

"Mind your music and your step,
And with your clubs be handy."

And true it is that, if I keep my feet doing the proper work and manage to get music and grace into my swing, then I shall be able to handily handle the club. So, too, will all who do likewise.

Everybody a Dub at First

I SHOULD like very much to state just what it was in the first four years of my golf game that contributed most to my gaining the coveted honors at the Women's National at the age of nineteen, but the truth is that I passed through many stages and that my game was constantly evolving and changing. The getting of a settled stance, of a grip that I could best and most conveniently work with, and a swing that had at the least the chief elements of truth in it, was by no means a gift.

There are, however, a few particular characteristics which kept developing alongside my game, and which I must speak of as aiding me in the gaining of such honors as I have been fortunate enough to secure. These have materially helped me to keep on the upward grade, for having a game at one's command is not everything. Of course, I was very fond of being out of doors, and all the time I could get from my studies I spent in the open. Thus it was I always had a good appetite, for my exercise made me hungry. I also got very tired and sleepy and did not have to waste much time wooing the god of slumbers. I made so many costly blunders besides, that I early learned the value of the smile; so I developed a good nature toward my game.

At the foot of the ladder, then, I was much like any one of the beginners, at the same place, with the selfsame prospects of success or failure. Once in the proverbial blue moon I got off a particularly good shot, and, urged on by its success, I kept on my way with right good cheer. I always seemed to keep up a fine edge for the game, took a great deal of pleasure out of playing, and at once fell into the habit of hitting them hard. I have gone up many rungs on the ladder of success since those first days, but a few characteristics still cling to me.

For instance, a little shakiness at the knees. My brother often tells me that the chief trouble he has with oral compositions is the fact that when he gets up to recite his knees shake. I am sure it must be a family characteristic, for early in the game I

developed a slight shakiness there whenever I stood on the first tee. No use saying that one is quite unconscious of all that is around him when he stands up before all eyes. We are not equipped with blinders like the horse, and we all feel within us that urge to action. I know that it is a great relief when that feeling of uneasiness departs, but you will have to ask some one who has been with the game longer than I have been just how long you will have to follow the game before that shakiness will not come to you on tee No. 1.

Up to now I have been telling some of the little things that made the first days of my golf interesting and worth while to me. I am now going to tell a few of the things that helped to build up my game and a few of its chief characteristics. I was in no way a tomboy, and yet I very soon learned the trick of giving the ball a good sound crack.

I think it is fortunate for me that I did not begin the game in that period of my life when it would seem important to me to be ladylike in all my doings, for I think it is in just that respect that girls and women fall down in their game, being too set on sending the ball on its journey with a gentle sweep. Had I begun a little later in life I suppose I should have been bothered about doing it in a ladylike manner, but as it was I had no scruples at all in the matter, and I got the most enjoyment that a lusty swing could produce. I am still anxious to hit hard and to hit decisively.

Match Play Useful

To find out how you are going in this game it is quite necessary to try out your game in competition. I was only fourteen years of age when I entered tournaments, which is indeed young, but, as there was little likelihood of my winning anything but experience and still less of my setting the world on fire, I think that all the results were of an affirmative nature. Once in a while I would get a hole that would be particularly good, and that served to keep up my interest. It was a natural bent of mine to enjoy these tournaments with my elders, and I often wonder just how much their solicitude for my game added to their own scores. In one game I played with Mrs. Caleb Fox, a nationally known golfer. My score was 107. I was 'way off. I do not think I was an aid to her.

I think that I was more enthusiastic then than I am now about tournaments, or at least I have learned to keep my feelings more to myself now. I was very apt in those days to show just how I felt in all matters, and I often had a chance to see just how poorly I could do. Tournaments are the means of showing you that "there are others" in the game, and I was always anxious to see those others. They teach you also not to have too good an opinion of yourself, and true it is that conceit is fatal to a youngster's golf.

It is well to get into matches and competitions in order that you may see just how you stand with reference to the rest of the field. It will show your progress or your lack of it, as the case may be, for figures do not lie. There are, as you know, two ways of counting in the golf game. One is by medal play, in which all strokes are counted for the eighteen holes, and the total noted. The other is to score by holes, each hole being a separate game in itself and the player who wins the most holes being declared the winner. It is true that at first I did not fathom the difference between the two ways, but when I did fully understand I grew to recognize the delights of both.

For reasons that must be obvious to all who have played the game I had all I could do to prevent the pyramiding operations of

my medal score, and for the reason that I could forget the bad holes of the medal score in match play faster I soon grew most fond of the match-play style. The two methods, however, have a very near relation, but most golfers prefer to play against a single opponent rather than against the whole field. In the former case there is the



Keystone

Eleonora Randolph Sears

America's most famous all-round woman athlete

"Ten years ago it was almost impossible for a girl to secure good coaching or help in any sport unless she lived near one of the few American country clubs of those days. Now, with so many women proficient in sports—golf, tennis, swimming, hockey, basketball and others—every girl who believes in having a sound mind in a sound body can get help and encouragement. I am glad Miss Collett, whom I sincerely respect as a player, is giving this excellent series of golf articles to the girls and boys who read *The Youth's Companion*. Next to receiving a lesson from her, which is of course impossible, the best thing is to read these articles and to determine that you too will try hard to learn good games and to play them fairly and honorably."

(Signed) ELEONORA RANDOLPH SEARS

advantage of knowing where you are standing at every shot; but in the medal play you have the solace of knowing that no news is good news and that what you do not know cannot bother you.

Rhythm

I WAS telling the advantages of tournaments and matches. I said that it showed you that there are others. More than that, it shows you who they are; and from them you can learn in what ways you are in the wrong and where your weaknesses lie. I remember once I was playing pretty good golf, for me, and then I went into a tournament with a slice for every drive. I could not understand the reason for it at the time, but I found out why later; it was caused by the new element of striving too hard to win. This is a characteristic of competitive golf, and I had not learned the ways of self-control.

There is nothing like tournaments for bringing out all your faults, but that is a splendid thing for a player, for error in an important place makes more impression than the same mistake under other circumstances. A player may go from week to week and from season to season without ever coming to a contest with his equal or his superior, but he will lose the greatest joy and the keenest pleasure of the game by so doing. He will also miss the best means of making improvement and showing advancement. Find out by tournament play all your faults and fix them before they have a chance to become so fixed that they will fix you.

Early in the learning days be sure to bend

your efforts toward getting a decided hit instead of a gentle sweep; as early as you possess a game try it out in a bit of competition, and let it show up the good along with the bad; find out the mental picture of what you mean by rhythm from an instructor if possible, and swing with that picture in the mind. These are the things that I have found of the greatest help to me in my game, and that is the way I have been doing all my golfing career.

Practice—And Don't Overdo It

THIS brings me to the theme of practice, and why it should be a pleasure. The attitude in which we approach our practice has much to do with its effectiveness. There is no drudgery to be thought of in connection with it. Love for the game and an abundant fund of enthusiasm will change the drab color of practice to a roseate hue. Playing the game is without doubt very good practice, but practice while playing the game is very much out of place. When the muscles are weary is not the time to practice, the weariness of the body bringing on, as it must do, weariness of the brain. The parts may work, but they will not work at a rate that will give fitting returns. Practice them when fresh and in the best spirits. Be glad to give your best efforts at the time when most improvement can be expected.

I think a player should practice a stroke, practice a club. I do not believe in practicing for a match. Every shot taken should be the best effort of the player; never at any time should there be slouchy playing. The best then will be the normal, and the player at all times will be ready for the match. Practicing for a tournament is a big order; it may demoralize the morale of the doer. Practicing a stick is a definite task. The player knows what he is doing, where he ought to send the ball, the distance the club can carry. There is nothing haphazard about the transaction. It may be he will never be master of the club; that is true, but he can save himself from being a slave to the club. An intimate acquaintance with each stick cannot be gained by absent treatment.

The Chinese have a strange custom in their methods of divination. If about to go on a long journey, they will shake a box of arrows and cast them to the ground. If the arrows do not stick in the ground the first or even the third time, they will continue the process until they all stand upright. Then it is the auspicious moment to begin. So, if when in practice you are playing a stick well, quit. If you continue long enough, you will get an error. Try another stick when success comes to the first.

Often I hear a boy or girl complain of losing his drive. The drive is surely one of the golfer's dearest possessions, and it is a calamity of the direst sort when lost. Here is a case where it would be well to advertise, though there is no recognized "lost and found" column that would cover the article in question. The place to advertise is with yourself. Take your outfit and try out your stroke; get help if possible, but at any rate display to yourself the materials in your pack. The lost can be found, for the intangible something that caused you to lose your fondest possession is still yours but temporarily is not in working order.

Losing the drive is one of the symptoms of progress. The drive is lost in the constructive stage of our game, the time in which we are building our mansion, before the mental picture of what we are planning to accomplish has achieved a fixed picture in our minds. It is the time during which no rule will hold good for all days and when every play seems to be a continuous change. The butterfly from the chrysalis will in due time emerge. My thought is that everything around us is changing all the time. It is not strange our golf game is not an exception.

Find a Practice Place at Home

TO most of its followers golf is a seasonal pastime. Climatic conditions make it sensible to lay aside the sticks for the hibernation period. That enforces on many a lay-off on practice. It may retard the progress in the constructive stage, but I do not think it advisable to suggest either a Southern residence or yet a trip to the Golden Gate—though either or both, being beneficial, might be acceptable.

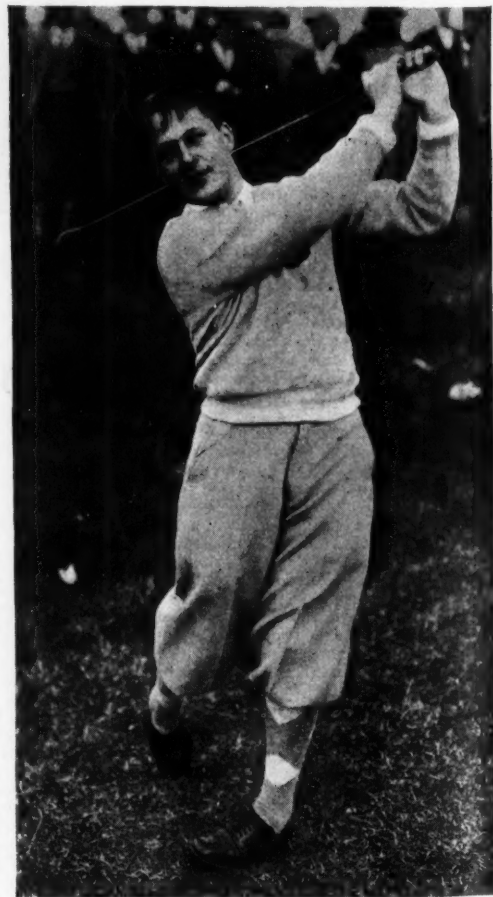
I can, however, advise a boy or a girl to have a practice place at home. It is dangerous to hit golf balls around the neighborhood, for they have a habit of going far when you least expect them to do so. Even if you try to hit them against a blanket hung on the clothes line, one will be sure to sky right over the top, or else slice at an exact right angle to the side. My father had a practice place in the attic. It was made of blankets and netting. The net was on both sides and on the top. The blanket was in the front. Against this blanket hung from the top a person could hit as hard as he wished. The ball would fall limply to the carpet. No rebound, you see. To get a rebound from rubber you must hit it against something hard.

I have seen baseball players throw balls at the pillows on the bed; it is on the same principle. Be sure, however, not to practice where there is likelihood of doing harm.

After the seven years vassalage that, according to legend, it takes to make a golfer, an occasional lay-off from play is beneficial, and does not appreciably affect the game. The sureness that comes from success does not disappear by any miracle. Practice and grow. Only remember that in whatever way we are outstandingly above our player companions, it is only as a result of giving an equally outstanding importance to it by both thought and practice.

Again I say, if you want to wake up some day a beautiful old lady, you must be every day a somewhat beautiful young lady. And if one day you hope to wake up at the top of the ladder, you cannot expect to make it by sleeping all the way.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Keystone

ROBERT T. JONES, JR.

Here is another example of what a young player can accomplish. Jones was 21 when he won the National Open Championship, against amateurs and professionals, in 1923. He graduated from Harvard in 1924, and that summer won the National Amateur Championship. In 1925 he won it again.

The Shadow of the Seventh Sister

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Illustrated by HEMAN FAY

THE last three of the seven great yellow pines standing at the end of Cherokee Causeway had never before cast so peculiar a shadow upon that lonely road. Frank Brewton's keen blue eye detected the strange shadow. It might mean life or death to him; for he had in his buggy six thousand dollars in cash—the money for the weekly payroll of the Cherokee Lumber Company,—and it now looked to him as if he were in for a holdup.

That might not have been so bad if it had not been for the grievous oversight of Perkins, the cashier back in Pleasantville, whose rifle Brewton always carried on this trip. Perkins had not forgotten the rifle when he handed the money to the manager of the mill, but he had forgotten to load it. Brewton had discovered the oversight not half a mile from the Seven Sisters on the lonely causeway that spanned a part of Cherokee Swamp. The discovery had made him unusually alert; that was one reason why he saw that all was not right up at the Seventh Sister.

While fully thirty yards away Brewton came to that realization. In that instant his strong brown hand closed instinctively over his heavy, blunt rifle. But it as quickly relaxed; for the weapon was virtually useless to him. The speed of his thought also had something to do with his promptness in relaxing his grip. He then did what might have seemed to an onlooker a strange thing. As if he were trying to do it without letting his horse know he slid from the buggy, but kept soft pace with it. The vehicle bumped on over the muddy logs of the causeway, the horse struggling continually for better footing. Brewton kept his stealthy pace and his grim silence. One by one he passed the pines in the well-known group.

When the horse came abreast of the Seventh Sister, the massive bole of which stood in soft swamp grass, Brewton left the road. In the next instant he had sprung like a tiger from behind upon the miscreant who had concealed himself on the farther side of the giant tree. In the short, sharp struggle the robber's gun went off, startling the manager's jaded horse. The animal ran, but not far. By the time she came to a halt, a hundred yards away and near the end of the causeway, Frank Brewton had mastered his man. After he had been disarmed, the wretch began to plead for mercy.

"You know me, Mr. Brewton. You know I never would have hurt you. I had to have money for my family. You know where I live on the Moss Swamp road, and so many children; and my wife, she's always poorly. Don't send me up to the pen, or to the chain gang, Mr. Brewton."

THE would-be holdup man presented a sorry spectacle. He was undersized, underfed, seedy, sandy-looking.

"You won't hand me over, will you, Mr. Brewton?"

The big, bronzed, wholesome man, now having entirely regained his composure, looked his miserable captive squarely in the eyes as the cringing fellow afforded him opportunity to do so. Brewton knew this fellow, Dave Liner by name, by nature a humble pinelander, but now apparently turned highwayman.

"Been working lately, Dave?" he asked.

"No," the prisoner admitted.

"Want work?"

"Yes, sir—oh, yes, any kind."

"Come on with me then to the mill. We need a man there on the new ripsaw. Twelve a week," he added.

Brewton, a man of few words, was a man of infinite largeness of heart. He loved human nature, and he believed he had the power of gauging men. He now believed he had taken Dave Liner's proper measure. The fellow, his heart reasoned, was to be pitied; an appeal of that sort was never lost on Brewton. Yet he realized that his heavy responsibility made it necessary for him to show mercy with discretion.

When the two were halfway to the buggy, he said, in an offhand manner:



Gripping his man with fingers like steel talons, Brewton lifted him and with a mighty effort hurled him against the approaching skulker

"Dave, I'm going to leave this breech-loader of yours over here by this clump of sweet gums. You can get it on your way home tonight. You pass this way, don't you?" Liner admitted that he did.

As the two were climbing in the buggy, the manager said: "Company wouldn't approve of my giving rides to fellows toting guns. It's nothing against you, Dave."

"Yes, sir," his companion agreed; "you is right."

"I'm taking you along this afternoon," Brewton further explained, "to get you started right on that job. I may be away tomorrow, and I want to see to it that you are put in the way of making good."

They drove on in silence. The mill was only two miles away now, and the distant whine of the big saws came faintly to their ears. Longer and longer were the shadows of the great pines cast by the sinking sun. Frank Brewton was thinking of the shadow of the Seventh Sister, and what probably would have happened if his eye had not detected the curious shape in the road: a weapon is deadly, even in the hands of such a fellow as Dave Liner. It was of a more pleasant topic that the mill manager presently spoke.

"We'll be cutting over toward your way pretty soon, Dave. Our line runs within about half a mile of the Moss Swamp road. Now, if you make good on the saw, we might shift you to bossing a logging gang. That would mean better pay, and you'd be nearer home. How would—"

"Look out!" shouted Dave Liner at the top of his voice.

With the innate alertness of the pinelander he had sensed the fearful blow descending on Brewton. The manager sensed it also, insofar

as he felt that it was coming from behind. He dodged, and the brutal oak club, grazing his head, caught him a glancing blow on the neck and shoulder. Powerfully reacting from the impact, Brewton made a leap of savage strength. He went clear of the buggy and turned in the air to face his assailant. He was scarcely on the ground when he saw another blow coming. Yet he took time to yell to Dave Liner:

"Drive on. Make good now."



"Yes, sir, I was a thief. But I ain't a thief no more," said Dave Liner

for ordinary effort. Gripping his man with fingers like steel talons, Brewton lifted him and with a mighty effort hurled him against the approaching skulker. Both men crashed into the brush and water beside the road. Brewton, breathing heavily, stooped to pick up the heavy green oak club that the first man had dropped. Even in that moment both of the negroes had jumped to their feet. An instant they hesitated; but the look in Brewton's eye and the club in his hand were potent arguments for a strategic retreat. They turned and fled, jumping high over fallen logs and through swamp briars. The manager watched them out of sight.

"Twice in one day," he said as he turned back toward his buggy; "I reckon I call that enough."

The buggy was standing in the road fifty yards ahead, as the manager expected to find it. But his first glance in that direction sent a chill to his heart. It was empty. Dave Liner was gone.

Brewton broke into a run that quickly brought him to the vehicle. He threw back the cushion of the seat. The wooden compartment beneath, which had held the small black satchel containing six thousand dollars in cash, was empty. Dave Liner, taking advantage of Brewton's second struggle, had made off with the money.

Never before in his life had Frank Brewton experienced so terrible a shock. An unexpected blow from a stealthy robber was nothing to this blow which shook his faith in human nature. But the chief concern of the company, which dealt in tangible things, was the loss of the money. The question was what to do next. Brewton's keen eyes began to search the shimmering panorama of the swampy pinelands. In any one of a thousand places in yellow broom grass, gross thicket or tangled watercourse might be crouching the fugitive who had doubly wronged him.

THE sun was setting as he drove into the mill yard. The saws had not yet ceased their wild screaming; for the men had been working overtime for months to get lumber down to the Pleasantville wharves, whence the yellow pine was shipped to the yards at Charleston, which were clamoring for lumber for more vessels. He noticed, however, that one ripsaw was idle. It was the one he had promised to Dave Liner. Now, he thought, it would be forever idle so far as Liner was concerned.

He stopped his horse in front of his dingy office. It was always locked when he was not at the mill. He fumbled with the key. As soon as he was inside and had a little better hold of himself—for the business was telling on him more severely than he had imagined that it could—he would send for Henrys, the bookkeeper, and perhaps some others. It was a wretched business, the whole affair. In a dark and grievous mood he pushed open the door of his office. The door creaked loudly; or was it a voice that sounded behind him?

He turned on his heel to face—Dave Liner! Under his coat the man had a bulky bundle. In silence the two men entered the room, and Brewton closed the door.

"I bring it back," said Dave simply, handing over the black satchel.

Brewton took it, opened it and saw that the money was intact. But he did not understand.

"Did you think they would get me, and so you ran away with it, intending to deliver it here at the mill?"

THERE was a chance for Dave Liner to save himself. But he would have to lie to do it. His face showed pathetically the fearful struggle he was making. In his hot, furtive, pitiable eyes there was a glimmer of tears.

"Mr. Brewton, I can't lie to a man like you. You—you done been good to me, like no man has ever been. I stole the money—meanin' to get away with it, and never come back. But I jest had to bring it back. I reckon I ought to go to the pen," he added.

"You stole it—and brought it back?" Brewton repeated.

"Yes, sir, I was a thief. But I ain't a thief no more."

There was a surging in Frank Brewton's heart. It was a gladness great enough to overcome all the shock he had undergone. But he did not show it to the man before him.

His stern, hard features did not relax. His jaw clenched as tightly. All Brewton said was:

"Dave, wait a minute until I turn this money over to Mr. Henrys. There'll still be light enough for us to look at that saw. I'll want you to take hold of her and run her tomorrow."

"Yes, sir," said Dave, with the sleeve of his torn coat over his face.

The Scratches on the Glass

By GLADYS BLAKE

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN



Nancy realized that she had opened Gilbert Kent's trunk instead of her brother's

Chapter VIII. A Frightened Dink

FRANK MORGAN, coming down stairs just before breakfast that morning, met his sisters in the lower hall.

"Give the password and the secret sign," said Nancy in a deep, mysterious whisper as he joined them.

"Purple Rock," Frank answered in the same solemn tone, humoring her high spirits.

"Right! You are one of us! But where is our fellow conspirator? Surely he is not oversleeping on this day of days?"

"No, he's either oversleeping or overwalking," answered Frank with some exasperation in his tone. "He was gone when I woke up, and I found a note on his pillow saying he was off for a walk and perhaps a swim but would be back in good time for breakfast. It does seem that he might have waked me to go with him," the boy added sulkily.

"I hope Gilbert hasn't taken a chill or anything from the shock of going in the river at this hour," said Blanche. "I don't approve of a swim before the sun has had time to warm the water. I think it's dangerous."

Frank laughed scoffingly. "You remind me of Aunt Kitty," he teased her. "I hope you are not going to grow into another health crank like her. Just before school closed she wrote me a long letter warning me against nearly every pleasure a summer vacation affords. She wanted me to promise not to go in swimming for longer than three minutes and a half, or drink water that hadn't been analyzed by a chemist, or take a walk in the sun, or let a strange mosquito bite me, or handle any vines for fear they might be poison ivy, or—"

"Oh, Frank, have you the letter still?" interrupted Nancy eagerly. "I just love to read those health treatises of Aunt Kitty's. They are funnier than any joke paper."

"I think it's knocking round in the tray of my trunk, if you care to go after it," Frank answered. He did not offer to go himself because he didn't believe in spoiling sisters when they were as young as Nancy and perfectly healthy. "I kept it because it was so amusing."

Nancy immediately started up the stairs to get the letter. The door of the boys' room stood open—as did the bureau drawers, the wardrobe, and nearly everything else that should have been closed—and she walked right in. A small steamer trunk was one of the first things her eyes fell upon, and, finding it unlocked, she lifted the lid without hesitation. In the tray was a confusion of boyish possessions, among which she rummaged for the letter which her brother had told her she might read. And finally she came upon one. It was without an envelope and its pages were thoroughly mixed, but that was the condition in which one always

warning when it stood to reason that he wouldn't fail if he could help it. But as she read on her expression grew a little puzzled. Why did her aunt tell Frank that there are few higher virtues than loyalty to one's clan, and that to achieve a great patriotic service one must brush aside all obstacles? Why did she tell him to remember old wrongs and steel

found any letter which Frank had read just once. The handwriting was feminine, and Nancy thought it looked like her Aunt Kitty's. So she began to read it even before she had sorted the pages. It was Nancy's way to plunge into the middle of things, whether books or letters, and read on to the end before she went back to the beginning.

The first words her eyes lighted upon were heavily underlined—"You must not fail!" She giggled a little because she thought her aunt was referring to Frank's examinations, and it seemed amusing that she should send him such a solemn

when she did she exclaimed aloud in dismay and dropped the letter hastily into the tray of the trunk again. For it began, "My dear Gilbert," and Nancy realized that she had opened Gilbert Kent's trunk instead of her brother's and had been reading a letter from Gilbert's mother.

The girl was so distressed by her thoughtless act that she left the room immediately without opening the other trunk in the room and seeking for her aunt's health treatise. She told herself that she must forget every word she had read, but that was much easier said than done. The strange sentences still danced before her eyes. What a very odd letter Gilbert's mother had written!

Downstairs she found her family still waiting for breakfast and wondering why Gilbert didn't return from his walk.

"I am going to the city this morning," said Mrs. Morgan casually, arranging some flowers in a vase. "I wished yesterday, when it was too late, that I had gone with you young folks. I hope you won't mind going back again, Frank, because I'll have to ask you to drive me? Your father has some business with those factory men who are going to buy the house."

"Oh, mother!" cried Frank aghast. "Not today! I just can't drive you today, mother, but I'll be glad to do it tomorrow."

Mrs. Morgan looked none too pleased that her son should put his affairs above her own, but she answered coolly and calmly,



"Dink saw Gilbert digging in the tower this morning"

himself against faltering? Why did she write so strangely of justice and then begin to tell of the needs of some down-trodden people whose ignorance must be enlightened and poverty relieved? It somehow didn't sound a bit like her Aunt Kitty, who usually wrote of chest-protectors and hot-water bottles. And so perplexed was Nancy that she decided to go back to the beginning and read the whole letter. It took some little time to find the first page in all that mass of writing, but she finally came upon it. And

"Very well, Frank, I will ask Blanche to drive me. I'm sure she won't tell me to wait until tomorrow."

But Blanche looked quite as aghast as her brother had looked. The idea of the treasure-hunt being undertaken without her was more than she could bear.

"Mother, please wait until tomorrow," she begged. "I'll love to drive you in tomorrow, but not today. I just can't go today, mother."

"Then I'll ask Gilbert," said Mrs. Mor-

gan. "I don't believe he will be so discourteous as to refuse me even if my own children are."

Consternation filled all three of the young Morgans. They knew that Gilbert, if asked, would go, but they imagined he would hate it just as much as they. For they were all in the treasure-hunt together.

"Oh, no, mother, you simply mustn't ask Gilbert either," protested Nancy. "It wouldn't be fair to force him to go out of politeness when I'm sure it would just break his heart."

"Well, what's to do here today, I'd like to know?" their mother asked in real curiosity. "If you don't want me to be deeply hurt, you will have to tell me what you are planning for this morning that is so important you can't do me a small favor."

"I'm curious, too," said the Major. Frank glanced at his sisters, and his eyes said plainly, "Let's tell them." Secrets seemed a little foolish in the daylight, and even Blanche felt that her father's teasing, if they failed to find a treasure, would be better than leaving that hurt-expression on her mother's face.

Frank began at the beginning and told his parents how the girls had worked out the meaning of the scratches on the windowpane in the parlor. But he had got no farther than that when his father's incredulity made it necessary to take him into the parlor and show him that he wasn't talking nonsense.

"No, no, Frank, you and the girls are all wrong," protested Major Morgan when the boy had copied the inscription on paper and shown him how the few letters which stood out clearly in the long lines could be joined together to form intelligible words. "I can't believe these other marks are just dummies. There is some other meaning hidden here."

"That's what I thought at first," said Frank, "but I'm convinced now that the girls have the key to the cipher. For we have found a purple rock."

"It's among the Indian relics in the museum in the city," put in Nancy. "And one of the officials told us that that rock came from the old watch-tower above Monkshood which the Cherokees had used as a ceremonial house."

"He said it was dug from the place where the old slave block stands now," added Blanche. "We are planning to make the measurements and start a real treasure-hunt this morning. That's why we simply can't drive mother into the city."

Mrs. Morgan was not unreasonable. She admitted that their excuse for not wanting to go to the city that day was excellent.

"I'm as curious as anybody," said the Major, "but I'm not convinced. There is more meaning in this inscription than you girls have worked out. These unintelligible marks were never put here for dummies. They were intended to convey something."

"But you'll have to admit that there is also meaning in what we discovered," said Blanche, a little chagrined.

"Yes; I think there must be two inscriptions here. I believe the one you worked out was superimposed on an older one that has nearly worn away. I'm not yet satisfied that you have solved the mystery of the scratches on the glass, but I am nevertheless very much interested in what you have learned."

The breakfast bell rang then and the family's attention was again turned to the fact that their guest had not come back.

from his walk. They did not like to go in to breakfast without him; Frank went out of doors to see if he could see anything of him. In the back yard he encountered little Dink, shivering in very wet clothes.

"I say, Dink, have you seen anything of Gilbert Kent this morning?" the boy asked casually.

"Yes, suh, I's seed him," Dink answered solemnly. "But I ain't gwiner tell you whar I seed him or whut he wuz doin'."

"Why not?" asked Frank in very natural surprise.

"Cause he told me if I did he'd cut de top of my head off, and I believes he would, too. I's scared of dat young man, Massa Frank. He's a awful young man when he gets mad. He got so mad at me dis mawnin' I thought he wuz gwiner kill me, I sho did! He chased me down into the river, and he made me swear I niver would tell whut I seed him doing."

"Oh, he was just playing with you, Dink," said Frank.

"Naw, he wuzn't playin', Massa Frank. He wuz awful mad at me 'cause I seed him digging holes in dat ole tower. He tole me if I ever tole anybody he'd sculp me."

Nancy had come out into the yard also and was just in time to hear Dink's words. And as the significance of them was borne

in upon her she flushed with anger and indignation. Nancy had a pretty little temper herself.

"The traitor!" she cried. "Gilbert Kent is a traitor!"

"Hush, Nancy!" said Frank. "Dink, is it true that you saw Gilbert digging holes inside the old tower this morning? No hedging now!"

Dink had not realized until Frank repeated his words that he had told on Gilbert, and he looked very much frightened. But he admitted, when sternly pressed, that it was the truth.

"What is the matter out here?" asked Major Morgan, appearing on the back porch.

"Gilbert Kent is a traitor," explained Nancy furiously. "He's a traitor and a thief. He's taken advantage of us and stolen up the mountain to find that buried treasure before we were up. We took him into our confidence as naturally as we took Frank, and he has betrayed us. Dink saw him digging in the tower this morning."

All the family had come out in the yard now, and Mrs. Morgan and Blanche were quite as astonished and concerned by Nancy's revelation as was the Major, who could hardly believe it. Frank looked white and scared.

They sent Dink into the house to dry

himself by the kitchen stove and thus got him out of earshot. The older people had grasped enough of the situation to understand that Gilbert Kent had done a very wrong thing in rising at daylight to get ahead of Frank and the girls in a treasure-hunt in which they were all partners.

"The reason we planned to wait until after breakfast to make the search," said Nancy, half crying, "was because Blanche thought it was better so, and Gilbert Kent sided with her. He wanted the chance to get the treasure first; I just know he did!"

"What do you know of Gilbert Kent, Frank?" asked the Major. "Is he an old friend of yours? How did you happen to invite him here for the summer?"

"Why—he just took a fancy to spend his holidays with me in this queer old house and made it so evident that he'd like to come along that I invited him," explained Frank. "I knew it would be dull here in the country without some friend to run round with, and Gilbert is very popular at school. Not so sociable as he might be, but a fine athlete and one of the cleverest boys in the class. I never dreamed he would do a thing like this. I'll go hunt him up and demand an explanation."

"I'm going with you," said Nancy. "I want to catch him in the act of stealing that treasure."

"So do I," said Blanche, who was almost as angry as her younger sister. After all, it was the two girls who had worked out the puzzle of the inscription on the glass, and they might well feel that they had been cheated by the boy to whom they had confided their secret as readily as to their own brother.

"We'll all go," said Mrs. Morgan. "Gilbert is our guest, and I don't want you hot-headed young people saying more to him than is necessary, whatever he may have done. We'll stroll up the mountain to the tower as if merely taking a walk. Meanwhile, let us try to control our tempers and give Gilbert as much benefit of the doubt as possible."

Though Frank yearned to run ahead and have it out with Gilbert before the others saw him, he reluctantly agreed to his mother's plan. The girls, glad to be of the party that would confront the traitor, agreed too, and they all set out at once with no thought for the breakfast left behind them on the table. But their walk up the mountain could hardly be called a stroll. It was very quick time they made up the path in the chill of the early morning. And as they approached the old tower every heart quickened its beat.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

The Boys Who Made Radio—2

Two of them figure in this story about Powel Crosley, Jr., called "the Henry Ford of Radio"

By EARL REEVES

PERHAPS you have heard of but one Powel Crosley—the one who makes so many radio sets, and who is sometimes called "the Henry Ford of Radio." Well, you haven't heard the whole story. There are three Powel Crosleys.

Powel Crosley, Sr., was a lawyer and extensive property owner in Cincinnati when Powel Crosley, Jr., was growing up.

One day at the breakfast table he found his sons Powel and Lewis in a heated argument as to whether Powel could build an automobile that would really run, out of a certain "one-lung" engine. The tow-headed son was sure he could do it.

"If you can do that, I'll give you ten dollars," the father said.

He had started something. Lewis had \$2.80; Powel had an idea. Powel borrowed the \$2.80.

Down in front of the Pike Opera House some days later, crowds gathered to have a look at two boys who sat there in a most outlandish contraption. It looked terrible, and it sounded worse—but it ran. So Powel got his ten dollars.

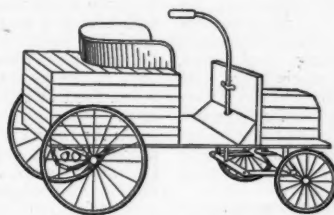
And it all meant simply this: Powel's father had encouraged him to try a mighty hard task and had started his boy on a mechanical trail that led, ultimately, to some bright new factories in Cincinnati in which five thousand radio sets can be built in a single day. But the trail from that ten-dollar prize to the big plant is a long and wandering one. I wouldn't recommend every boy to try to follow it.

Powel Crosley, Jr., went to public schools, then to the Ohio Military Institute, and then to the University of Cincinnati. And at the end of three years he, son of a prominent and well-to-do family, quit college to become a chauffeur. He felt that he just had to be where he could play with an engine.

At twenty-three he designed and built a six-cylinder motor car, at a time when a two- or three-cylinder engine was standard. But he couldn't raise money to build a factory. So he went to Indianapolis to work and was to have driven a car in the great Speedway race, but broke an arm cranking a car a few days before the race. He wrote a story about a ride with John Aiken, star racing driver, that won him fame across the country.

He returned to Cincinnati and became an advertising man. He again tried to start building a motor car. Later he tried to organize a company to build a cycle car. But people were afraid to invest money in risky things like automobiles. Crosley was thirty years old before he began to succeed, really. He was selling automobile accessories by mail, and he did it so well that he bought the company he was working for. Soon he was taking in a million dollars a year, out of which he made enough profits to buy

When Powel Crosley, Jr., was a boy his father awarded him \$10 for making this one-lung automobile. Mr. Crosley will never forget that \$10, though now he owns factories in Cincinnati which can produce 5000 radio sets in a day.



"It looked terrible—but it ran"
(Memory sketch of prize-winning car)

a printing plant and a woodworking factory, in which he made phonograph cabinets.

Just here Powel Crosley, 3d, steps into the story. He was nine, and he wanted one of these new playthings, a radio set. On Washington's birthday, 1921, father and son set out to get one—and father got a shock. This strange new jigger that father scarcely had heard of was priced at \$130. That would not have broke dad, exactly, but it seemed too much.

"Instead of buying a set I bought a book on radio," he told me. "We tried to read it,

my boy and I. It was filled with hard words. But, like most beginners, we started in to make a crystal set. I had become a 'bug.' We used hay-baling wire for antenna, and when we had it rigged up we got every rock crusher in miles, but not a bar of music. Then we added an audion detector and had the thrill of actually hearing music that was being played seven miles away."

The homemade set cost \$35. That proved to Crosley that sets could be made for ordinary pocketbooks. He made some radio parts, and then what he called the

"Harko Junior," a crystal set, and later the "Harko Senior," a one-tube set.

IT was a proud moment for the boy who had started his father in the radio business when the first "Harko Junior" was made; but it was a proud moment for the father too.

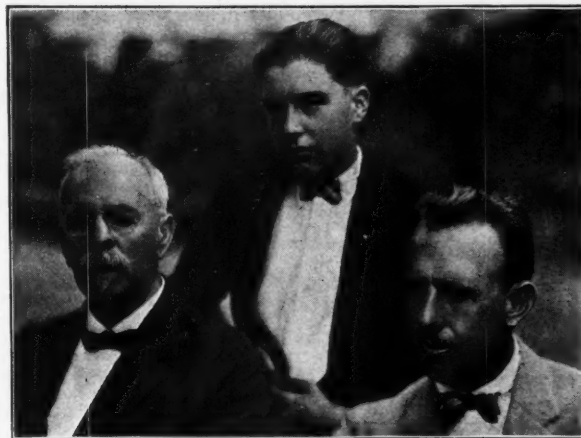
It is commonly accepted that a rolling stone gathers no moss—meaning money. He was a mechanical engineer, an advertising man, an automobile salesman, a sales manager; he knew something about manufacturing; he even knew a good deal about law. Crosley's wandering from job to job and from trade to trade, which may have caused some to point to him as a "failure," had given him an "all-round education" for this new business of radio. Like Ford, he decided that, if he could build enough of an article, he could build it cheaply, and, if he could build it cheaply, he could sell to millions of customers. Today he makes every single part that goes into his sets in his own factory, by the best labor-saving methods. Lewis, the brother who lent \$2.80 to help build an automobile, takes care of the factory now. They call him production manager.

Lewis has a Crosley principle to preach to the twelve hundred employees of the plant. It is "better and cheaper."

A life of varied experiences has taught Powel Crosley to act quickly. When he has created what he believes to be a new "better" set he telegraphs to agents in all parts of the country, books orders by return wire and is away to a flying start almost before his competitors are aware of it. Or in the Northwest—as happened two years ago—a boy with a Crosley set copies messages from Station WNP (Wireless North Pole), where MacMillan is frozen in the Arctic regions, and for many days the youngster is the explorer's only link with the outside world. That is "news," Crosley thinks; so he buys advertising space in which to tell the world about it. Last fall, when he brought out a "new line," he paid \$28,000 for a single advertisement—a bit of daring no one in the radio business has equaled.

He operates an expensive broadcasting station of his own, which serves a large territory; and of course he is an official of national radio organizations and a man of importance in the councils of radio.

In the top of his big new home Powel Crosley, Jr., has a long workroom. There he potters and tinkers and tries out new radio gadgets and makes up his mind about new kinds of sets. Up there Powel Crosley, Jr., is still a boy in many ways. Inventors usually are. He is tall and strong and of a ruddy complexion; and his idea of a really good time is to disappear on a camping trip and fish and hunt for weeks at a time.



Three generations of Powel Crosleys. P. C., Sr., is an attorney. P. C., Jr., manufactures radios. P. C., 3d, is still at school

FACT AND COMMENT

YOU CANNOT HELP SUSPECTING that some boys go to college to make it easier to get tickets for the big football games when they grow up.

HUNGER FOR PUBLICITY seems to find a curious satisfaction in the very things that are repugnant to good taste and that reserve which is fundamental to self-respect. It is that craving to attract attention which is responsible for most of the weddings in balloons and at country fairs and other similarly unsuitable places. The latest way in which the longing manifests itself is the act of a young Western couple in broadcasting a request for a name for their baby. The most appropriate—if it is that kind of baby—would be Fan.

THE FAIRY RING of Irish folklore is the mushroom circle of science, and botanists in England have been measuring the annual spread of some of the rings. They have found that it varies from about five and a half to thirteen inches, and that it is owing to the extending growth of the mycelium, or root system of the mushrooms, rather than to the dissemination of the spores. There is a ring in Salisbury Plain that is more than fifty feet in diameter, and another in California that, judging by the usual rate of increase, must be two hundred and fifty years old.

SHIPS HAVE BEEN "CHRISTENED" from time immemorial. Champagne used to be the liquid used, but since liquor has been outlawed in the United States water—in every way a more appropriate fluid—has been employed. It is something new to extend the practice to railway trains, but the other day a new fast train on the Boston & Maine Railroad was named the "Flying Yankee" with all the ceremonies with which shipyards are familiar. A young woman broke a flask of water over the locomotive pilot as the wheels began to move, and the "Flying Yankee" has now as good a title to its name as the Majestic and the Leviathan have to theirs.

SERVICE

If "success is measured in the cup of service," how noble an amphora must stand in the house of Dr. George Dick, of Chicago, and his wife, Dr. Gladys H. Dick! Twenty-five years ago a little grandson of John D. Rockefeller died of scarlet fever, that scourge of childhood. As a memorial to him, Mr. Rockefeller set aside the sum of one million dollars to establish the McCormick Memorial Institute for Infectious Diseases in Chicago, where research work could be carried on in the hope of discovering a cure for scarlet fever. Seven years ago Doctor Dick, who was then a member of the staff of the Institute, thought he had a promising clue, but the funds that he needed for his research work were so nearly absorbed in other activities of the Institute that little money could be diverted to his field. He determined to continue on his own slender resources.

To enable him to do that, his wife went to work in another hospital, where she had to perform a certain share of those tasks that we snobbishly call menial. Her salary, added to the doctor's own earnings, enabled him to continue his researches.

Two years ago he made an announcement that startled the world. He had discovered and isolated the germ of scarlet fever and had found an antitoxin. Since then the medical profession has been testing it, and now, at the recent joint meeting of bacteriologists and pathologists, the lay world learns that one of the diseases most feared for children and most dreaded of parents is conquered. One physician estimates that in a single year the serum saved more lives in New York City than most physicians save in a lifetime of practice. Doctor Park, director of the vaccine laboratory of New York, believes that in that city of six million people there will not be more than seventy-five deaths from scarlet fever this year.

So can be added another name—of right, two names—to the bright list of those whose services to mankind cannot be reckoned in money. Henceforth those of us who look upon that tender but terrible picture of Sir Luke Fildes, "The Doctor," can feel that the central figure is watching in confidence



The birth of a mining-town. The Broadway of the new gold-camp at Red Lake, Ontario, as it appeared in March

rather than in doubt, and that his words to the tense parents will be words of reassurance.

The mind travels back along the dim path of history and meets the victorious David returning from the slaughter of the Philistines. It sees the women coming out from all the cities of Israel, dancing their joy, and singing, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands"; "and Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him," for it meant that David had served the nation better than he. And then we think of Harvey and Lister and Morton, and that brave group of men who risked their lives to prove the truth of the yellow-fever hypothesis, and of those other men who died by inches from the effects of X-ray and radium experiments, and of Bell and Edison and Marconi, whose inventions save thousands of lives every year. The old world moves, and civilization means something, after all.

WHY THE UNITED STATES IS PROSPEROUS

THERE is more than one reason, of course. The possession of a great and fertile country, rich in almost every advantage of climate and soil and mineral wealth, and occupied by an industrious people, not too numerous to find employment and elbow-room, easily would be enough of itself to make America prosperous and wealthy. But there are some other reasons too. We might have found them out for ourselves, but it is interesting to see what they are in the opinion of two young Englishmen, Bertram Austin and W. Francis Lloyd, who visited the United States to learn why American industry was so much more efficient and American labor so much more contented than is the case in Great Britain. They have published their conclusions in a book called "The Secret of High Wages."

These young men tell their fellow countrymen that America prospers less by reason of its natural wealth than by reason of the enlightened way American industry is dealing with its resources. "Employers and employed have grasped the simple principle that it is more profitable to sell a large output at a comparatively small price than a small output at a high price." "Promotion in America is by merit." "There is endless keenness and ingenuity in devising time-saving and labor-saving appliances." "Americans are vigilant in eliminating waste and in saving energy, time and space." "The American employer is not afraid to pay high wages, when they result in large production." "American welfare methods double high wages in their stimulative effect by surrounding workers with cleanliness and light."

These are some of the observations the

young Englishmen set down. They might have added that American employers are everywhere encouraging workers to become part-owners of the businesses in which they are employed, and helping to break down the barriers that long separated "capitalists" and "workingmen" into distinct classes. Better than any other modern country, we have succeeded in convincing employers and employed that their interests are the same.

It is pleasant to learn from strangers that the satisfaction we have felt in the prosperity and harmony of our national industry is justified, and that we can with propriety take a little credit to ourselves for the intelligence we have shown in dealing with some of the most perplexing problems of modern life.

"AN UNKNOWN KID"

ONE of the great sporting events of the year is the Boston Athletic Association Marathon race, on Patriots' Day, April 19. The winner this year was John Miles, a youngster of twenty, of whom the other contestants and the general public had scarcely heard. He came on from Nova Scotia in that colossal self-confidence of youth which is so amusing when it fails but so compelling of respect when it succeeds, and cheerfully announced that he was going to win. The judges and trainers looked at his diminutive figure and smiled. He told them that his father had been his only trainer, and that ten miles was the longest road-race in which he had ever run. He had so little regard for precedent and example that he helped himself liberally to coffee and doughnuts before he started; the veterans never touch food or drink at the beginning of a race.

On the course, young Miles ran easily and gracefully, but not in any approved style. He swung his arms wide, regardless of waste motion, and romped along smilingly, gayly, as if the whole thing were a joke, and as if he were merely playing with the other runners.

And that was about the truth. Never was he worried or hard put to it, and he finished without distress, nearly four minutes ahead of the best time for the course. Across the front page of one of the newspapers of the next morning stretched the headline, "Unknown Kid Smashes All Records."

But headlines never tell all of the story. In the monotonous gray modesty of the unled inside columns it was recorded that, although the boy's only trainer had been his father, that father had trained him from childhood and watched carefully over his diet and his habits. There are hills in Nova Scotia steeper than those round Boston, and the roads across them are rougher, and the snow and slush linger there longer. Over those roads the boy had run twenty-seven miles as against the Marathon course of

twenty-six miles, three hundred and eighty-five yards; and that training was only an occasional, casual break in the day's work of hopping on and off a grocer's delivery wagon and trotting to the back doors of customers with laden baskets. The hills between Hopkinton and Boston seemed slight to him.

It is the story of many a more important, though perhaps less spectacular, Marathon. The "unknown kid" is constantly coming to town and snatching wreaths toward which the hands of veterans had been confidently outstretched. He brings with him the potent and fluid capital of youth, but that alone is not enough. When he succeeds, a little searching of the past will usually show that he had long since trained himself for victory by conquering steeper hills and rougher roads at home.

THIS BUSINESS WORLD

The Foreign Debts

The Senate having agreed to the debt settlements made with Italy and Belgium, fresh efforts are being made to arrive at a settlement with France. A proposal has already come from Paris, and it has been communicated to the President through Ambassador Berenger. The terms of this proposal call for initial payments of something like \$30,000,000 a year, and these are to increase gradually until they reach sums of about \$125,000,000 a year. The payments are to spread over sixty-two years and will amount in the end to about half the amount of the debt if interest at four and one-half per cent were added. The British settlement calls for a little more than three quarters of the total debt of Great Britain calculated with full interest, the Belgian settlement for about forty-five per cent of the total and the Italian for just about a quarter. Some Frenchmen—conspicuously M. Poincaré—are up in arms because, they understand, the proposal omits the clause on which M. Caillaux insisted, providing that France might default if Germany failed to pay the reparations assessed against her. But the proposal does include a provision that France may at any time ask for a resurvey of its capacity to pay if conditions shall apparently reduce that capacity.

Is the Moon Lop-sided?

We have always supposed that the moon was pretty nearly a sphere, at least as spherical as the earth. It certainly looks so when we see it at full, whether through a telescope or with the naked eye. But here comes Prof. E. W. Brown of Yale University, who says that the moon is undoubtedly lop-sided, with quite a pronounced bulge at the top. This discovery, he says, was made during the eclipse of the sun in 1925, when the arrival of the moon's shadow at different points on the earth's surface was so far from the times that had been calculated on the supposition that the moon was spherical that it made such a theory as his almost necessary. Professor Brown explains the irregularity in the moon's shape by saying that the heavier materials of its substance are what appears to us as the bottom, so that a bulging of the upper surface is required if Luna is to balance herself properly in space.

Germans and Royalty

It has been taken for granted that the Germans still have a weak spot in their hearts for their deposed royal families, and it is true that a numerous and rather noisy party in the nation is strongly monarchial in its sentiments. But the strength of the real republican party is shown by the fact that twelve million and a half voters—about a third of the enrolled electorate—have taken the trouble to sign petitions praying for the passage of a law expropriating the property of the royal families without compensation. The petitions are said to contain the names of many members of the Conservative and People's parties as well as Socialists, Republicans and Communists. If the Reichstag refuses to pass such a law, a popular referendum can be demanded.



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OVERLAND SIX

To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

25th Weekly \$5.00 Award

Woodworking is the principal interest of Member John C. Rood (15) of Royal Oak, Md. Member Rood achieved his Associate Membership with the design and execution of a footstool and, continuing along his natural bent, sends us now this combination end-table and book trough.



Member Rood and his end-table

If you look carefully, you will see the book trough, which in addition to being that serves as a brace between the legs of the table. From the photograph, the workmanship appears excellent, the design handsome, the finish well applied. Member Rood gives the following details of construction:

"The book trough, or end-table, is made out of walnut one inch thick for the top, one and one-half inches for the bases, and one-half inch thick for all other pieces. It stands twenty-two inches high, and is thirty inches long. The top is twelve inches wide, with fancy ends."

The Secretary's Notes

THE Secretary believes that more emphasis should be laid on the service which your Lab is prepared to render you in answering any questions which may be puzzling you. To non-members of the Lab no question will be answered without a fee, but to anyone of the grade of Associate Member or higher, the Director or a Councilor will immediately respond, in answer to any subject that lies within the proper sphere of the Society. No Member need hesitate to ask as many questions as he likes, provided that he inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the reply. Membership in the Lab thus supplies the Member with what amounts to a free consulting service with all Councilors, most of whom are instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The Director has now in course of preparation printed certificates of Associate Membership and Membership, which will, within the next few weeks, be mailed to every boy in either class. Each certificate will testify to Membership in the Laboratory by reason of accomplishment in engineering construction or scientific study to the satisfaction of the Directors. It will be handsomely printed, and will carry the Member's name. With it we plan to send directions on how it may be suitably framed by the recipient. Naturally the certificate for full Members will be larger and more elaborate than that for Associates. The main fact is, however, that Membership of any grade in the Laboratory is important, and we shall provide adequate credentials.

Your Secretary's earlier prediction that the Eastern Hemisphere would soon become a recruiting ground for your Society has been borne out much sooner than anyone imagined. We have just received an application for associate membership from Antonio A. Quinto, (12) Pagbilao, Tayabas, Philippine Islands. The Lab, like science itself, is international and knows no boundaries. Several European countries have still to report, but we hope to be able to tell you of these before long.

Membership Coupon

To join the Y. C. Lab, as an Associate Member, use the coupon below, which will bring you full particulars concerning the Society. If elected, you will have the right to ask any question concerning mechanics, engineering, wood and metal working, radio, and so forth. You will also become eligible to compete for the Weekly, Quarterly and Annual Awards made by the Society, and you will receive its button and ribbon. There are no fees or dues.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name.....

Address.....

THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

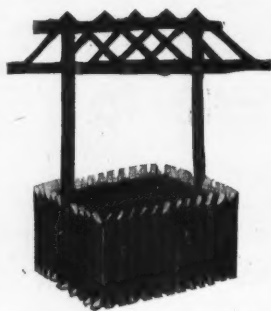
Y. C. LAB PROJECT NO. 37

THIS is an attractive and utile product that can be made with a hammer and a jack-knife, except for the box in which the dirt is placed. This box will require a saw to cut the boards to suitable length, although any box similar to the one that comes with Bixby's shoe polish can be used. For the rest, it is completely constructed of dogwood, which is commonly called "whistlewood" because its core is easily removed and for years boys have made whistles out of this wood. Nothing in the shape of tools is necessary except a jackknife.

First make or secure your box. To make the box, saw a $\frac{1}{2}$ " or slightly thicker board into four lengths, two of 10" and two of 8", out of 4"-wide stuff, dressed, preferably of soft wood. Nail these together as shown in the sketch, and fit a bottom inside, also as shown. Then bore two $\frac{3}{8}$ " holes in the bottom for moisture to escape. Now turn to your dogwood. It is understood, of course, that you can get some similar wood, if not dogwood, in your neighborhood—poplar will do. Cut four or five sticks about 6' or 8' long and from 1" to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " in diameter at the butt. A little care should be exercised to get a matched shade of green or gray bark.

Cut them into some thirty-five or forty pieces, short lengths of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Then with a knife split these into halves. They will split easily, which is a virtue of this wood for the purpose. Whittle both ends of each stick into a flat point like a duck's bill. You have your pieces for the sides of the box. Next cut ten lengths about 8" long of a somewhat smaller diameter than the others, and trim the burred ends to a clean roundness. These are to be your "rafters" for the "roof." Then cut three long pieces of a diameter somewhere between that of the very short pieces and that of the rafters, making them 14" long. These are to be the "plates" upon which to stay your "rafters." Now cut two quite large pieces for your uprights, 15" long, which constitute the parts which connect the box and the roof. Two more pieces 9" long complete your needed materials.

A HANGING FLOWER BASKET



Councilor Horton's hanging basket of whistlewood

Take your box and start to lay on the short pieces. Always work from the outside edges toward the middle. That and one on the left-hand edge, and nail. Be sure that the points extend equidistant above and below the box. Use two nails, one near the top and the other near the bottom. Next select two more pieces and nail these close beside the first two; and so on. You do this way to get an evenness in the job and to allow, on the ends, for the uprights, which are placed centrally on the ends, as shown in the picture. Go all round the box in this manner, nailing the two vertical pieces, which must be shaped a little like the short pieces where the uprights set against the box, cut into a little at this place.

To make the roof, nail against the uprights, about 3" from the top, two crosspieces, the 9" pieces, which support the "plates." Against the ends of these nail the two 14" pieces—the "plates" which support the rafters. On the tops of the two uprights nail the third 14" length—and you are ready to set the rafters. When setting the rafters, see that the joints at the top fit neatly. (See illustration.) Your basket is practically finished. Number 19 wire brads $\frac{3}{4}$ " long are best for the lighter work of the roof pieces, while the heavier pieces below require a little longer brad, and perhaps a heavier one. When the roof is connected to the uprights a heavy nail—number 8 or 10—should be used, as this sustains the full weight of the basket.

When finished, give the basket a coat of clear varnish, on the bark, to retain the color and preserve from peeling. A wire bent in the form of an S hook inserted at the top middle will serve as a device by which to hang up the basket. Irish moss makes a very attractive plant, but almost any plant or flower—geranium, for instance—offers a pleasing porch decoration in connection with it. The basket will last for years—and anybody can make it.

CHARLES M. HORTON
Councilor, Y.C. Lab

TWO SPECIAL CASH AWARDS

To Member Thomas Partridge

Spare parts—material which other less resourceful people have discarded as being no longer of value—in the hands of an ingenious boy can take on all values, all shapes, all disguises, all utilities. Here is a drill press made by Member Thomas

Partridge (15) of Crescent City, Fla., out of miscellaneous parts, some of which you will be able to recognize without trouble. It is a typical illustration of the immense usefulness to which odd material can be put by anyone with sufficient ingenuity. A tire-pump rod, a Ford fan-holder and the hand wheel of a sewing machine all go to make up this tool.

Instead of wishing that he had a drill press, Member Partridge waved the wand of ingenuity over a fan-holder, sewing-machine wheel and bicycle pump part—and there he had it! He reports that the drill (run by a motor not shown in the photograph) works excellently in wood or light metal. When he uses it on metal, he attaches a lever, which gives him more pressure on the bit. Member Partridge is enthusiastic. "I am interested in mechanics and was tickled to death when I read of the Y. C. Lab," he says to us.



Member Partridge demonstrates his drill

To Member Philip L. Austin

Model catboats are rare; almost all model boats, intended for actual sailing, are sloops of one type or another. This did not abash Member Philip L. Austin (16) of Three Oaks, Mich. The photograph in this column exhibits a model catboat as he constructed it. (You will find the photograph interesting for the matter of perspective, too. At first glance you probably thought it a photograph of a full-sized boat. Note, however, that her nose is against a grass bank, not a forest.)

With his photograph, Member Austin sends a descriptive drawing of extreme neatness and legibility. His description is painstaking and quite easy to follow. The Director would be glad to send a copy to any Member of the Lab who will enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Member Austin begins as follows: "A piece of soft wood, white pine or bass wood, is best for the hull. It should be 3" x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 15". First the plan of the deck is laid out upon the 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " surface. Then a keyhole saw is used to cut the shape of the boat." He continues the full description to the end of the process. "Lastly the waterline was found," he concludes, "and all above it painted white; all below it, red."



The model catboat of Member Austin

Answers

Will you please tell me what is meant by a Twin-Spring-Gear locomotive, a Bi-polar Gearless locomotive, a Quill-Spring-Drive locomotive and a Solid-Gear locomotive?—Raymond Haerr, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Answer by Mr. Townsend: The names of electric locomotives listed refer to the types of driving mechanisms used; that is, the combination of electrical and mechanical equipments used to carry the power to the driving wheels. In the Twin-Spring-Gear type, two motors are geared to a main drive shaft. This in turn is connected to the crank disk or driving gear by an arrangement of springs to absorb shocks, etc. The crank disk is connected to the locomotive wheels by the usual connecting rods and side rods. There are generally four units to each locomotive.

In the Bi-polar Gearless type, the motor armatures are fastened directly to the car-wheel axles. On account of limited space, only two field poles are used in each motor, one forward and one aft. There is no space for poles at the top and bottom, hence the name bi-polar, or two pole.

The Solid-Gear type is just like the Twin-Spring-Gear except that spring connections are not used. In the Quill-Spring type, the motor armature is made on a quill, or hollow shaft, surrounding the car axle. The end of the quill is enlarged and contains spring connections and a drive disk not unlike those of the twin-spring gear.

I am helping to build a Ford racer, and wonder if you could advise me: 1. How low it is advisable to swing the chassis? 2. How much should forward wheels toe in?—Frank Hodgdon, So. Portland, Me.

Answer by Mr. Shumway: The matter of undersliding the chassis depends on where you are going to drive it. For track and boulevard it can be lowered as much as five inches, which is the amount we are allowing on Cinderella, as we are building it in the Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston. Instruction manual (Y.C. Lab Bulletin No. 2) will be ready soon.

The front wheels should toe in three quarters of an inch. You can make a gauge out of a stick. Get the wheels straight by running a string from the back wheels along the inside of the front wheels. Then with your stick you can toe in the front wheels the required amount,

Member Holtby Gives an Accounting



Member Holtby at his lathe

Member Fulton Holtby (14) of 14 Madison Avenue, Geneva, N. Y., who writes his letters to the Director on a typewriter which he salvaged from a fire and repaired himself, won an award of \$5.00 not long ago for several meritorious projects. Shortly thereafter, the Director received from Member Holtby an accounting of all expenditures. Here they are:

Youth's Companion subscription.....	\$2.00
20 lbs. plaster-of-Paris.....	1.00
2 paint brushes.....	0.05
1 ft. of rubber tube.....	0.05
1 pencil sharpener.....	0.10
	\$3.20

A balance of \$1.80 is accordingly reported as a treasury surplus.

From this tabulation you will rightfully come to the conclusion that Member Holtby bought plaster-of-Paris for only one purpose—the making of life masks. You are quite correct. Member Holtby was seized with this ambition long before the publication of Y. C. Lab Bulletin No. 1, so that, so far as we know, he was the pioneer life-masker outside of Wollaston among the Lab Members.

Member Holtby reports excellent success with the life-mask project and has extended it to the making of a cast of several hands. Further, he cast an apple, painted it in naturalistic colors, made some leather leaves for its stem, and had a decoration, if not of beauty, at least of much interest.

Member Holtby has several coworkers in Geneva, among them Bruce Ladd and Constant Hyna. They are considering a serious venture into the life-mask industry.



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Miscellany

STIFF MUSCLES

THIS is the time of year when sedentary people who have neglected their "daily dozen" or, worse yet, their two-mile daily walk come to realize their mistake and pay their penalty. Some one who has not ridden anything (unless it be a hobby) for years suddenly remembers that he used to enjoy a gallop on the back of a spirited horse. So he leaves the office early and has a delightful afternoon enjoying a lost delight. He goes home and to bed filled with a determination to repeat the pleasure. The next morning he can hardly dress himself, and the thought of walking to the office, or even of climbing into a car, is appalling.

The story will be precisely the same if, instead of a rider, our friend is a tennis player returning again to the scene of his former triumphs. First he has a congratulatory conviction that his game has not fallen off half as much as he had feared, and then an agonized waking to the pain of a lot of angry and protesting muscles. Many an ardent vacationist spends his first few days paying in physical discomfort for his eager return to the active life.

For the treatment of muscular stiffness a day's rest, followed by moderate exercise with massage or simple rubbing, will suffice. But that takes time, and in a brief vacation or during a busy season in a short-handed office there is no time to give; so, if he is wise, he will take preventive measures at the end of his first day's exercise. A great deal can be done. The strain on his muscles has caused the formation of an unusual amount of excrementitious and therefore poisonous material,—uric acid, lactic acid, and the like,—which must be got rid of. The channels for this are the bowels, the kidneys and the skin; therefore, a moderate dose of some cathartic (preferably castor oil) should be taken on going to bed, followed by a dose of salts in the morning, then two glasses of water with a half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda at night, and two more in the morning. The muscles most likely to be sore should be sweated, by wrapping them in very hot cloths covered with two or three layers of flannel or India-rubber tissue and keeping the covering on all night. This treatment is best as prevention, but will also help along the cure.

THE GUN AND THE GOOSE

TELLING the story of his boyhood in a prairie town, Herbert Quick, the novelist, wonders how the goose came to be accepted as the type of silliness; it is, he says, the wildest of birds, whether wild or domestic. Any but a very skillful sportsman might tramp the prairie for days without bagging a goose, when geese were abundant. The wary birds put out sentinels to give the alarm when the flock was feeding. But he was bound to get one, and after many failures he did; though which was the goose—"I had," he relates, "an old army musket. It scattered so that one might reasonably have expected it would once in a while hit something not aimed at, and once or twice it did; but usually it was quite harmless save to him at the butt of it. I determined to resort to heroic measures; so I put nine buckshot in a stout cloth bag and filled in the crevices with small pellets. I soaked this

projectile in tallow and laid it out in the cold to harden. I put in a heavy charge of powder, with much difficulty got the bag of shot into the barrel and rammed it home. I realized I had some load in the old cannon, but I refused to be scared of trying it on the geese.

"Going to where the honking was loudest,—there were thousands flying about,—I squatted behind a bunch of kinnikinnick, cocked the gun and waited. A flock of twenty or so came right towards me, until at last they saw me. With a bugle call of alarm the leader ordered a left oblique and an upward slant, and, waiting until I could shoot into the feathers instead of against them, I let drive.

"A number of things happened. I found myself rolling through a shallow pool of water and my musket several feet away; but as I turned over I saw the great gander coming down head over heels out of the air, and my heart swelled with delight! When I had secured him, I noticed that my breast was covered with blood from my ensanguined nose. I never loaded the musket quite so heavily again—and never got another goose with it. Whenever I discharged the gun for a week or so after, my nose would bleed."

STRAINING AT GNATS; SWALLOWING CAMELS

IN his very interesting reminiscences that I have recently been published the late Vice President Marshall lets us into some curious secrets about the way the United States Senate does its business. He believes that Senators, like Americans in general, are impressed by the idea of size, and that big appropriations, for whatever purpose, are much more likely to go through than small ones are.

As I watched the appropriations during eight years in the United States Senate, he says, I concluded that that cause was utterly foolish which came down asking less than a half-million dollars. Small items are scrutinized with a microscope, and large ones are taken as a matter of fact.

I well remember one day that the Senate spent three long hours discussing an item of \$17.50 in an appropriation bill, an appropriation made to an employee in some one of the government offices in the city of New York. It is the custom to pay certain compensation to a government employee injured in the line of duty. This man was a roustabout, with a set of false teeth. A fellow employee in some way swung a crane and struck him in the mouth and broke his false teeth. It cost him \$17.50 to have them repaired, and he presented a bill to the Congress of the United States for damage sustained in the course of his employment and in the discharge of his duty. After wrangling for three hours they finally allowed the \$17.50. The next item, as I now remember it, in the bill was for \$250,000 to investigate and eradicate something that had already been investigated and has not, up to this time, been eradicated. Nobody raised a protest.

BIG GAME

A STRANGER, visiting the United States, fell into the hands of an American who was active in showing his new acquaintance the scenic and architectural wonders of the country. Unfortunately the American gave way too often to boastfulness regarding these wonders and disparaged too confidently the attractions of Europe. Finally the other felt that he must put a stop to that sort of thing; so he asked suddenly, "Have you heard of the Dead Sea?"

"Of course I have," said the American. "Well, my father shot it!"

THE COURT IS OVERRULED

A CERTAIN judge of whom the Boston Transcript knows has a six-year-old niece of whom he is very proud. The other day she came to him with a serious air and said: "Uncle Robert, if a man had a peacock and it went into another man's yard and laid an egg, who would the egg belong to?"

The judge smiled indulgently and replied: "Why, the egg would belong to the man who owned the peacock, but he could be prosecuted for trespassing if he went on the other's property to get it."

The child seemed very much interested in the explanation, but when it was over she observed agreeably:

"Uncle, did it ever occur to you that a peacock couldn't lay an egg?"

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Why I Want to Go to College

One of the \$25 Prizes Goes to This Letter

Dear Hazel Grey: If there is one thing I thoroughly dislike, it's a "goody-goody"—the kind that would say, "Why of course we go to college to be educated." Education in the sense of learning—cramping our heads full of Greek and Latin—can hardly be the real object of going to college.

Now, some one will accuse me of being shallow and going just for the fun of it. I can answer that, I think, by saying that my choice is not a co-ed, that I am not fond of dress or parties, and that I am now making moderately good marks in school.

Why then am I going?

I have heard people argue that girls go to college until they are twenty-two, teach a year or so, then get married, and what good does their education do them then? More than these people would ever guess! First of all, intelligent men do not want stupid wives. Secondly, a girl has something to fall back on in case of catastrophe instead of becoming a dependent widow. Thirdly, she can train and help her children a thousand times better because of the so-called wasted years.

But not all college girls get married. To be sure, a college education does help a great deal in obtaining a good position, and I don't belittle that in the least. But we should be ashamed to accept the accusation that we go to college with this first in our minds. It's a good argument to give to some money-mad people, but the greatest value of college is higher than this.

My strongest argument holds no matter what you face when you leave college—namely: a college education enlarges our view of life, broadens our interest and develops our faculties. If you marry, you can enjoy all life more because of it. If you earn your daily bread by its help, you still want to live and be happy in living. If you inherit a fortune, you can read or travel with far greater enjoyment. If you return home to repay those who made so many hidden sacrifices for you, how much more you can give them because of what they have given you!

Sincerely,

ELAINE M. ACKER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Awarded a Special Prize

Dear Hazel Grey: In the first place I want to go to college because I want to become the best kind of an American citizen, and, generally speaking, I think college graduates are that.

Then I want to learn to work more conscientiously, to play more fairly, to teach without being self-conscious, and to be a good follower as well as a good leader. I want to do my share in forwarding present-day civilization by preparing myself for a lifework that will be beneficial to others as well as to myself.

I want to know how to discriminate between the good and bad in literature, music, pictures, manners and dress.

Besides these things I want to live four glorious years in coöperation and fellowship with others who are preparing to the best of their ability to meet the demands of today.

I feel sure that a college education is a life-long asset, and that the gain in friends, knowledge and culture far surpasses the material gain in dollars and cents.

Sincerely yours,

MARY J. BELMORE

Calais, Me.

A Life-Long Ambition

Dear Hazel Grey: I am one of a family of seven children of humble parentage, and always it has been my desire to attend college.

My parents sent me to the district school, from which I graduated, and because it was necessary for me to work I left high school shortly after entering it. I again took up my work in the district school, studying at night and reciting at noon on high-school topics. Through the summer I worked for the family of a teacher I knew and received tutoring in place of wages.

The next spring I succeeded in obtaining a teacher's certificate and secured a position as a teacher. I continued my studies at night and took a correspondence course which benefited me greatly.

I taught four more years and then met the man of my dreams. We were married,

College Contest Letters



Some dormitories in Ginling College in Nanking, China, where Foh-ing is a freshman



Foh-ing is in the center

From a Chinese Freshman

CHINESE girls are more like American girls than they are different from them!

Foh-ing (who says in a recent letter that she is "twenty-one by Chinese count, but only eighteen by American way") was as worried over her college entrance examinations last summer as any of you could be. She says, "We began our examinations at nine o'clock in the morning. I wasn't afraid or hurry at all. I did my best that I could, but I did it very poor. Perhaps I can't pass; that will disappoint you."

A month later, however, she received word that she had been successful, and her letter was filled with joyous excitement over going to a new city—Nanking—and the college of her rosy dreams. "They called us in, and what was that? We have ice cream! It tasted so sweet! Every one of us liked to eat very much. After that we intended to play Rook Card, but it was too late."

In October she writes from college: "We divided into three sections, because we have more than sixty classmates this term. I am in section C. I heard some one say that the best students are in section A and the poorest students in C. Of course I felt sad."

But the time is not all spent on books. She receives honor points for hygiene—"for pull long breaths" and other health duties.

For a few weeks, it is true, she was quite as homesick as any American freshman, despite all the new pleasures. But her later letters take a more cheerful turn. "I thank God every day and night" (for the privilege of attending college), she writes, "and this thanks will not ceased in my life. I am happy and content here."

and I thought to continue my studies, with college in the distance; but with the coming of our first little daughter I felt the home ties and duties to husband and children were strongest, and so I took up the study of home-making instead. Step by step have I journeyed with that daughter and also watched over and cared for the four sisters and one brother who have since joined her in making our home circle complete; and we are a happy family.

I mean to work with them and for them as they go through school; and still the thought of college persists, so that when they have reached that glorious age I hope to be there with them, and when the youngest one shall receive her diploma to stand by her side.

I want to go to college to realize the ambition of a lifetime, and because of the helpful, broadening outlook it will give me, and because even dreaming of going has helped so much to uplift and encourage me over hard places. And now—it is time to go and gather eggs.

MRS. WM. MCLAIN

Delta, Ohio

Suzanne's inspiration for having this contest proved to be the very best ever—hundreds of letters came pouring in from every state in the country, just filled with reasons equally convincing for and against going to college. The judges had a terrible time! However, they finally agreed unanimously that Elaine Acker and Esther Weber each won first prize in her subject. They deserve many congratulations for winning and for their splendid letters.

The poetry-contest winners will soon be announced. Have you some good suggestions for other contests that you would like to have? H. G.



Here is where future "home economists," secretaries, librarians, social workers and scientists are studying—at Simmons College in Boston

Why I Don't Want to Go to College

Here is the Letter that Wins the Other \$25 Prize

Dear Hazel Grey: No, I do not want to go to college! That simple declarative sentence demands an exclamation point these days, for Young America, generally speaking, is going, not to the dogs, as some say, but to college.

There are some whose intended pursuits demand a college education. To these the question of "to go, or not to go" does not present itself. Their life work chosen, and that choice requiring the preparation, they will go, if only because of necessity. But a large percentage of our high-school graduates do not have the question thus arbitrarily answered for them. A college education for them is not a vital necessity, and here the conflict begins.

It took me a long time to settle this question to my own satisfaction. I want to be a teacher, and I want to teach in rural schools, because I think they are more interesting and offer greater opportunities for social service than other schools. Now, this work demands graduation from a normal school, which is equivalent to two years of college work. Thus my problem diminishes in size, for I have only to decide how to use two years instead of four. Shall I go only to normal school, or shall I go to college? I do not feel that the two extra years in college would fit me better for the type of school I wish to teach; so professional conscience has no voice in the matter. It is now purely a question of personal benefit. I want to be educated. Are there better ways of being educated than going to college? Thus I finally narrowed the many-sided question down to this one point and then decided that there are better ways of being educated. To understand all types of people, to learn to adapt oneself to all manner of conditions,—in other words, to travel understandingly and extensively,—that is to be educated. The best college of all is the world itself. I want to travel, and my work will in no way interfere with this desire, for I shall do as I once heard a lecturer advise—get each succeeding position a little farther westward. That is the best way to travel. In years to come I shall pursue my profession in far-off places.

Thus, after much consideration I have chosen my "college," and my class motto is "Westward Ho!"

ESTHER WEBER

Awarded a Special Prize

Dear Hazel Grey: The question of whether or not to go to college has bothered me for some time. Some of my friends are very much for it; others against it. At last I've decided I do not want to go to college.

I am a senior in high school and feel sad at the thought of soon quitting. However, I feel as though it will be a great relief to get away from books and started out in life.

I have lots of friends, both boys and girls, and never a week passes without my going to entertainments or entertaining some of my friends. Most of my friends are not going away to college next winter, so I am sure the social side of my life will not suffer.

I do not want to go to college, because I would have to study. I enjoy studying at times, on certain subjects, but just the thought of studying history, physiology, science and foreign languages is enough to decide me not to go.

My father owns a grocery store in which I intend to work when I finish high school. If I had chosen some other occupation in which a college education is essential, I would want to go; but since I've chosen salesmanship as my profession I feel that a college education is not necessary.

My yearning to meet lots and different kinds of people is supplied through the meeting of the customers in the store.

My brain and muscles will be kept active working there, and my evenings will be free to do those things that I enjoy, such as playing the violin and piano, reading, sewing, embroidering, and going to parties and such places.

I have summed up my points to the fact that I do not want to go to college because I do not have to in order to be able to do those things I am interested in doing, and at the same time I can be at home and supporting myself instead of having to ask my father to spend a great deal of money on me so that I can go to college.

ANNA HEATH

Fashions for the Young Girl



HOYLE
STUDIO
BOSTON

Betty, my dear: I hope that you'll be duly impressed and pleased with the result of my search for a prom dress! I saw several before this one, but the minute I got into it, it was a case of love at first sight. It's a lovely pink georgette—basque top and very full skirt trimmed in scallop effect with ruffles of narrow cream lace and pink-satin ribbon to match the bow, the 'sash' and the straps of the under slip. \$29.50 isn't so worse, is it, for all that?

I hadn't hoped for real silver kid slippers, as they've been sky-high all winter; but these are \$10.00, which might be a lot if they wouldn't wear well and be in awfully good style. It certainly was a relief to find a pair with a good-looking-if-low kind of heel—and aren't the straps original?

Somebody on the prom committee had an inspiration when they chose that darling vanity as the girls' favor. It has a mirror, comb, powder and rouge inside. The design on the outside is a hammered and straight-line effect, with an initial space which the committee had filled in with the school crest and class numerals.

Prom was just the very best ever—I could write a book about it, so I'll wait until I see you in a week or two now and give you a first-hand description!

As ever,

Suzanne

About Making Money

Dear Hazel Grey: Here is an idea for making pin money: I purchase what is called "natural gypsy grass fiber." It is like crêpe paper rope, only stiff and made of grass. I wind wires of the length I want (depending on the size of basket wanted) with leaf-green crêpe paper. A Dennison book about making crêpe-paper rope baskets tells how, and I make them just like the crêpe-paper rope, only using the grass rope. I do not shellac them, although they can be shellacked if one cares to do so, or painted with sealing-wax paint. I use reed for handles, wound smoothly with leaf-green crêpe paper. I use two pieces of reed for handle. Any kind of handle can be used and any shape of basket to suit taste. After the basket is finished, I make roses of crêpe and arrange them in the basket and place one bud partly open on the handle.

I have been able to sell these baskets, and I am sure others can too. They are lovely for birthday and Christmas gifts. A girl living in a town could probably get orders to make baskets and flowers for tables where flowers are used for decorations. Instead of grass rope, all-reed baskets can be made; they would demand higher prices than the rope baskets.

Balsam Lake, Wisconsin

Sincerely,

EDITH ELEY.

ABOUT SUZANNE'S DRESS

Filene's also has Suzanne's dress in turquoise and white. Turquoise would be lovely for people with dark eyes and hair—and in white it would be just the thing for a formal type of graduation dress. Sizes are 13, 15 and 17. They have the vanity in silver plate for \$2.50—gold plate, \$3.00.

ABOUT BETTY'S CLUB

Ever so many of you have written in and joined Betty's club, and I hope that a lot more of you are going to. We still need a name, so please send any suggestions you may think of! And if you have a spare snapshot of yourself, won't you send that along, too, for the club book?

Hazel Grey

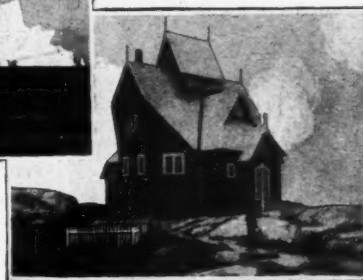
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston



An interesting spot along the course of The Youth's Companion's World-Circling Airplane Race—the House of God at Good Hope, Greenland. This church, the farthest north in the world, is covered with snow nearly the year round.

Here's something cooling for the heat of the Airplane Race—unusual views of the great icebergs snapped off the coast of Greenland. It will take something more than these huge ice mountains to stop our Y. C. Fliers, however.



On the Home Stretch

Did you ever watch a group of closely matched runners come tearing down the race course toward the finish line? Then you know something of the excitement here at headquarters as we watch our Y. C. Fliers streaming along on the home stretch.

Speaking of excitement—not even a trip in a real plane can give more thrills and moments of suspense than our pilots are getting out of The Youth's Companion's World-Circling Airplane Race. Just imagine your plane zooming along, steadily gaining on the pilot ahead! Now you're abreast!! Now with a new burst of speed you're pulling ahead, leaving him laboring farther and farther in the rear!!! For real sport there is nothing like it.

Following the whirlwind finish will come another red-letter event—the happy day when the Prizes will be distributed. Besides the Premiums given for each individual subscrip-

tion, more than \$1,000 in Gold is to go to the winners, with a Cash Prize guaranteed to every flier who goes at least 3,000 miles (3 new subs). Then too, there are honorary awards—Silver Cups, Distinguished Service Medals, Y. C. Ace's Emblems—mementos of your success you can keep after the prize money is spent. When you read this number of The Youth's Companion there will be just twelve days left before the race closes. As a veteran of many contests, let me warn you that every pilot will be doing his utmost to speed up his plane in these closing days. So don't be satisfied with anything less than your very best. Good luck to you!

Mason Willis

Commander Y. C. Flying Squadron
8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

How the Airplane Race Stood on April 30* With Five Weeks To Go

Pilot No.	Miles	Pilot No.	Miles
447 Harley Jackson, Connecticut....	37000	834 Emily Carpenter, Maine.....	4000
589 S. A. Yelland, Alberta.....	31000	124 Robert F. Johnston, Ohio.....	4000
1018 Mrs. Leanna Driftmier, Iowa....	29000	333 Edw'n Pope, Missouri.....	4000
500 Virginia Marvin, New York.....	24000	1112 Ruth Doty, Tennessee.....	4000
173 Marcus F. C. Flaherty, New York	22000		
1105 James Hannah, Jr., California....	13000		
587 James Bogkoven, Arizona.....	13000		
392 Arthur Wermuth, Illinois.....	9000		
1153 Joe Dougherty, Virginia.....	9000		
1293 Edward B. Higgins, Ontario.....	8000		
1227 Walter C. Johnson, New York....	8000		
296 Rhonda Elrod, North Carolina....	7000		
27 Mary L. & Charles Ulrich, Pa....	7000		
86 Lois Auten, New Jersey.....	7000		
448 Paul Meredith, Michigan.....	7000		
1365 Marjorie Kirk, Oklahoma.....	7000		
20 B. A. Billings, Vermont.....	7000		
1629 Mrs. May E. Mitchellson, Conn..	7000		
387 John Sabine, Massachusetts.....	6000		
183 Louise I. West, Massachusetts....	6000		
738 Arthur Brown, Illinois.....	6000		
978 Eugene H. Guthrie, Pennsylvania	6000		
1282 Choe Deaton, Arkansas.....	6000		
1565 D. Earl Archibald, N. B.....	6000		
512 Hermon King, Idaho.....	6000		
1177 Mrs. W. H. Stowell, Arkansas....	6000		
588 Fraser S. Knight, Florida.....	5000		
596 Lester Carson, Nebraska.....	5000		
1083 Donald Stixrod, Minnesota.....	5000		
927 Julia Van Der Velde, Alberta....	5000		
576 P. W. Allison, North Carolina....	5000		
102 Charles O. Bradstreet, Conn.....	5000		
506 Junior Minear, Illinois.....	5000		
196 Allen Woolf, Nebraska.....	5000		
694 Blanche Wilson, Indiana.....	5000		
1405 Kenneth Marks, Alberta.....	5000		
77 Edith Thomas, South Carolina....	5000		
1530 Nettie M. Swartz, N. C.....	5000		
1140 Thelma Shepherd, Pennsylvania..	5000		
1449 Shirley Patterson, Washington..	5000		
984 Walter A. Hoyt, Jr., Ohio.....	5000		
50 Rev. S. G. Flutton, Florida.....	5000		
123 Robert Ingersoll, Illinois.....	5000		
225 Gail C. Riggs, West Virginia.....	5000		
1306 Randolph Barrows, Connecticut..	4000		
643 James Buffington, Nebraska.....	4000		
834 Emily Carpenter, Maine.....	4000		
124 Robert F. Johnston, Ohio.....	4000		
333 Edw'n Pope, Missouri.....	4000		
1112 Ruth Doty, Tennessee.....	4000		
883 William Rethorst, Iowa.....	4000		
44 Iva L. Savery, Massachusetts.....	4000		
161 Raymond W. Schuh, Mass.....	4000		
503 Fraser Thompson, California.....	4000		
476 Arthur J. Truett, Iowa.....	4000		
783 Edward M. Vickers, Ohio.....	4000		
1151 Roy Whitacre, Illinois.....	4000		
735 John R. Burnett, New Hampshire..	4000		
321 Mildred Van Valkenburgh, Fla....	4000		
1054 Elmer Santisteban, Indiana.....	4000		
684 Howard McDonald, Saskatchewan..	4000		
696 Gibson Shaw, Pennsylvania.....	4000		
113 O. E. & Chas. R. Irish, Ohio.....	4000		
182 John E. Musgrave, Illinois.....	4000		
178 Sherwood Murray, Vermont.....	4000		
127 Edmund F. Cushman, Florida.....	4000		
142 George H. Seacord, California....	4000		
1182 Robert L. Whitney, Maine.....	4000		
472 Ruth McWhorter, New York.....	4000		
103 M. K. Huston, Pennsylvania.....	4000		
127 Jessie H. Delano, New York.....	4000		
2 Roger D. Schofield, Vermont.....	4000		
895 Guy Neely, Oregon.....	4000		
1240 Roy Smith, Ohio.....	4000		
1325 George Wentworth, New Hampshire	4000		
682 Frances Johnston, Arkansas.....	4000		
1662 Esther Deckard, Indiana.....	4000		
1043 H. Roy Hanson, Newfoundland....	3000		
108 Lucy Baldwin, Connecticut.....	3000		
433 George V. Carr, Jr., New York....	3000		
149 Albert H. Chamberlain, Jr., Mass..	3000		
Joseph E. Crocker, Maine.....	3000		
968 Graydon Embree, British Columbia	3000		
224 Dwight Federlein, Iowa.....	3000		
803 Edith Garbutt, Alberta.....	3000		
318 Burchard M. Hazen, New Jersey....	3000		
421 Merrick Hinde, Michigan.....	3000		
154 C. Edward Houghton, Mass.....	3000		
60 H. B. Jones, Jr., Washington.....	3000		
366 Betty Kleinsorge, Oregon.....	3000		
223 John E. Maier, Pennsylvania.....	3000		
354 H. E. Matthews, Pennsylvania....	3000		
697 Lester Miller, North Carolina....	3000		
40 Gordon Najjar, Massachusetts.....	3000		
72 Earl T. Palmer, Missouri.....	3000		
785 Drummond Paul, Jr., Florida.....	3000		
74 Eugene Somerville, Missouri.....	3000		
172 Morris J. Taylor, New York.....	3000		
776 Grace Thomas, Michigan.....	3000		
314 John H. Tompkins, New York.....	3000		

*Note: This was the latest list available when this issue of The Companion went to press.

Explanation. This contest is open to any Companion subscriber, or to any member of a subscriber's household. Every new yearly subscription secured at \$2.00 brings you a Premium of your own selection, either in cash or merchandise, and sends your plane 1,000 miles in the race. The Gold Prizes go to the 100 Fliers who send their planes the greatest distances, but a flight of at least 3,000 miles assures you of a Cash Prize. All orders mailed at your post office up to midnight June 1 count in the contest regardless of the time they reach us.



Want \$158-\$225 a Month?

Railway
MAIL CLERKS

U. S. Government Jobs

Mail Coupon Before You Lose It

Franklin Institute, Dept. T 224, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Rush to me without charge, (1) sample Railway Postal Clerk Examination questions; (2) tell me how to get a U. S. Government job; (3) Send list of places at which examinations are held.

Steady Work—No Layoffs—Paid Vacations

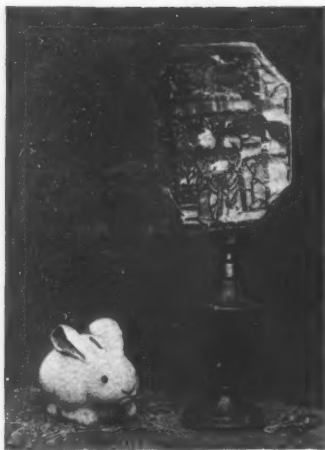
Travel—See Your Country
Common Education Sufficient

Every boy or man 17 up should be interested

Name.....
Address.....

Little Bits of Everything You Can Make Yourself

An Outdoor Decoration



Electric Candle Lamps

You need a wire frame, a bit of everyday wallpaper or some choice imported Chinese paper or any kind of good-looking paper, some heavy silk twist and a needle. Place the paper upon your square or oblong wire frame, and cut it down to the approximate size; then fold the paper very evenly and neatly over the face of the wire frame. Take your threaded needle and sew the paper upon the frame with long basting stitches close to the wire. Tie it fast at the end. Then clip the paper close and even near the wire frame at the back of the shade.



The finished shade

Making a Maze

ONE day half a dozen young picnickers in Ohio rushed out to the picnic grounds ahead of the others and by the aid of some twine laid off a maze. Beginning at two large trees, which formed the entrance, they hastily inclosed a large plot of ground irregular in shape. From the entrance they laid many paths, most of which returned to the entrance or terminated in other paths that so returned. A young student of civil engineering had the plan well in mind from other visits to the place, and the others carried out his instructions.

They tied the twine from tree to tree. The rule was that nobody should crawl under the flimsy barrier, but each person should keep on walking until he found the right path or else give up and call for help.

It was great fun. Two or three found their way through and were awarded prizes, but most of them frankly gave up and were permitted to dodge the barriers and get out to watch the rest.

If you are not going picnicking, you can make a somewhat similar maze in a large hall by means of chairs for trees and twine to tie off the paths. It requires very little ingenuity. First lay out your path leading through the grove and then put in the pockets, one leading into the other. Those who lay it out may get caught themselves, but that only adds to the fun. Try it at your next party.

A Silkline Doll's Rug

A CARDBOARD loom like the loom that is described elsewhere on this page can be used in weaving a quaint little rug to add to the furnishings of a doll house.

Make the loom and arrange the warp threads according to the directions. Then get half a yard of flowered silkline of the cheapest kind with pink flowers in it, and half a yard of plain green silkline of the same quality. Cut the silkline into bias strips half an inch wide and pull them through the fingers to fray the edges so that

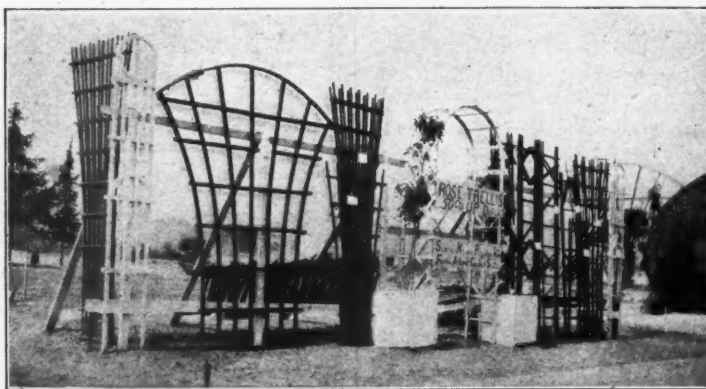
SOMEBODY told me the other day that girls have as much carpentering skill as boys, and I know they have an artistic sense for outside decoration; so why not make gardening accessories and display them beside the road like this? This enterprising workman sold nearly a hundred dollars' worth in a single day, although the prices were moderate, and the signs read, "From fifty cents up." These are but a few samples, "the leftovers from a Saturday run."

Take orders for any shapes or styles or sizes of trellises that people want. You and your club or your Girl Scout troop might build whole pergolas. You ought to be able to cut and trim the materials in your carpentering shop and carry them to the place

where they are to be put together and fastened.

You can paint the pieces to match house colors, if people want you to, or have them white. If you are careful and make graceful, strong, originally-designed trellises, you will soon establish a reputation. Then you can go on to make fancy fencing, arbors, window boxes,—whatever the homemaker wants about her grounds,—according to measure; but the separate pieces shown beside the open road are picked up eagerly by passers-by.

Have any of you girls the ability, the courage and the inclination to undertake this work? Write me about it if you want any suggestions or help.



the rug will have an Oriental appearance when it is finished.

Thread a weaving needle or a bone tape bodkin with a piece of the flowered silkline. Begin at the fifteenth warp and weave over one and under one, and so continue until you have completed one and a half inches of the rug. Now weave the same amount at the other end of the rug. That completes the end borders.

You are now ready to make the side borders. Use the flowered material and weave over five warp strings so that the borders are one inch wide.

When you have finished the side borders, fill in the center of the rug with the plain green silkline strips, and be sure to catch up the fifth warp with the plain material. By using this fifth warp twice you bind the side borders and the center securely together.

When you have finished the center, carefully break away the cardboard from your work, pull out the knitting needles, and the rug is done.

How to Make a Doll's Towel

WITH some soft twine and a loom made from a stiff piece of cardboard you can weave a doll's towel that will delight the heart of any little girl.

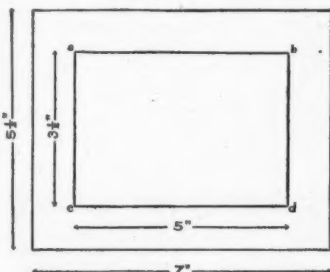


FIG. 1

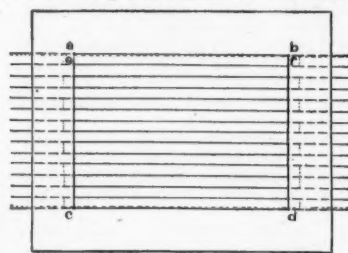
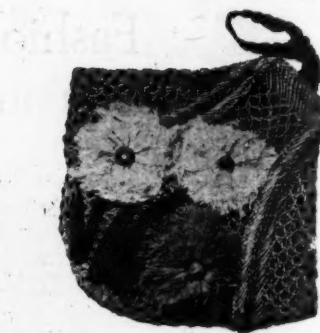


FIG. 2



For One Lone Dime

THIS attractive and useful gift may be made from a ten-cent straw hat decorated with crêpe roses and lined with cotton crêpe.

Buy an open-work straw hat in the ten-cent store. Soak the hat over night and press it into bag shape with a hot iron. Line it with a bright shade of cotton crêpe and make the handle of grosgrain ribbon or narrow strips of crêpe braided together. Make little roses from four-inch strips of brightly colored crêpe. Fringe the edges to a depth of one inch and gather through the center to form the rose. Paint wooden buttons with water-color paints for the centers and sew them on with bright green beads; then make stems of green yarn for the roses, and your bag is complete.

Besides its use as a gift this little bag may have a pin-money idea tucked away inside it. Make half a dozen and try selling them for fifty cents apiece. You will realize a good profit, and your bag business may grow into a big business in short order.



needle. Begin to weave under the fifteenth warp. Weave in and out, over one and under the next, until you have made about three quarters of an inch of the towel, as shown in the diagram.

You must now make the border. Break off the string and thread your needle with red thread. Tuck in the loose end of the string and begin to work with the red.

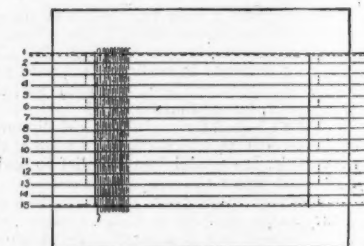


FIG. 3

Weave over two and under one for the first row, over one and under two for the second row, and over two and under one for the third row. Then cut off the red thread and darn in the end neatly so that it will not show. Now work from the other end of the towel and carry the white string as you did at the first end. Be sure that the two ends are exactly the same.

After you have made the second red border finish the body of the towel with the white. Now and then push the work together gently with the thumb nail; and when you put in a new thread go back a few stitches so that the ends will not show. Be careful not to pull the thread too tight, for that would spoil the straight sides of the towel. To remove the towel draw out the needles and break away the loom.

Directions for Making Vases

HOW to get together some old, odd-shaped glass bottles or jars and change them into good-looking vases by pouring into them black enamel paint. Stove-pipe paint will do fine. Turn the bottle or jar about slowly until the inside is coated with black paint and then pour the surplus paint out.

As soon as the vases are dry, fill them with bright-colored flowers and see how pretty they look. Or fill them with water and use them to grow vines. Wandering Jew grows very well in water, and so does English ivy. They give a cheerful, pretty look to the corner of a mantelpiece or the top of a bookcase.

MORE IDEAS FOR GIFTS—OR WOULD-BE MONEY-MAKERS

Betty's Club is going to try making some of these at the very next meeting. Mary Hannah has planned to weave a doll's rug and towel for her small sister, who has a birthday early in June. Some of the others are going to bring some glass jars to paint. (We still have efforts at china painting very effective if any of

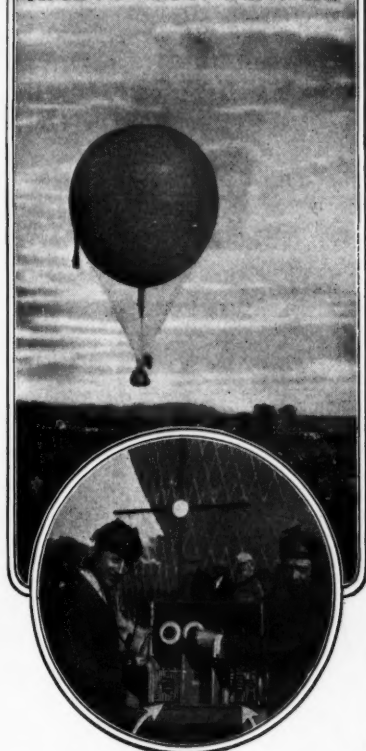
Hazel Perry

you plan to sell flowers.

8 Arlington Street, Boston

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

A Recent Adventure
of
BURGESS
RADIO BATTERIES



The illustration pictures the take-off of the winning flight and in the insert is the radio equipment carried. (Burgess 'A', 'B' and 'C' Batteries furnished the electrical energy to operate the set.)

When the Goodyear III won the right to represent the United States at Belgium, Burgess Radio Batteries supplied the electrical energy for the operation of the balloon's radio equipment.

Almost every day from somewhere in the world news comes to us of new Burgess adventures.

And that Burgess Batteries have contributed their bit in so many interesting events of sport, commerce and science reflects the esteem in which they are held.

"Ask Any Radio Engineer"

Your own radio dealer down the street sells Burgess Batteries. He probably sells the famous Burgess Flashlights, too.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO
Canadian Factories and Offices:
Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

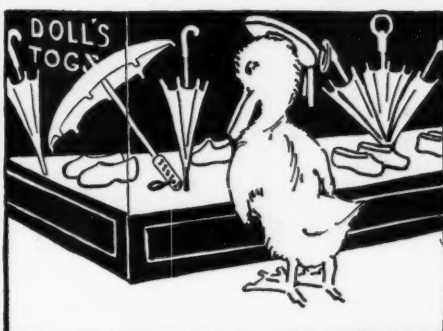


CHILDREN'S PAGE

PATTY PEEP AND QUACKLES

By
Julia Greene

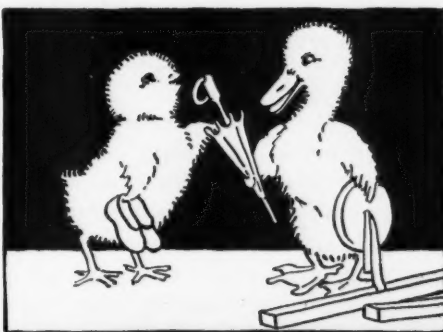
Patty Peep cried 'cause she couldn't splash in puddles like Quackles.



But Quackles saw just what Patty needed in a shop window.



So he bought her a little red umbrella and rubbers



"You are a duck to buy me these," said Patty Peep;



Julia Greene-

"Now I can splash! splash! splash!"

RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD

CHICK
"I'll say it writes slick."

HARRY
"My Dad is always borrowing mine."

BOB
"It's a lot more use at school and camp than \$5."

BILL
"Anybody can read my writing now."

For School—
for Camp—
Rich Black and Gold or
Black-tipped
Lacquer-red

Rivale the beauty
of the Scarlet,
Fanager

A Chip of the Old Block

Parker Duofold Jr., \$5

The Grown Man's Pen that
Red-Blooded Boys Want Too

The \$7 Classic in a \$5 Size
With Guaranteed 25-Year Point
Pencil to match, \$3.50

"If you want to keep the \$5 or \$7 that a Parker Duofold costs, don't ever write with one," says H. A. Thompson of New York. "If you do you will spend the money just as sure as you are a foot high."

Red-blooded boys and girls know what's what, and they are not satisfied with toy pens or imitations. It takes the real Parker Duofold Pen with 25-year point to get a rousing cheer from Young America.

If your parents know this, the next time they set out to make you happy they'll get you the Parker Duofold Jr., or Lady Duofold, at \$5, and perhaps a Duofold Jr. Pencil to match at \$3.50, or a Lady Duofold Pencil at \$3. You can help this along by showing them this advertisement.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WIS.
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

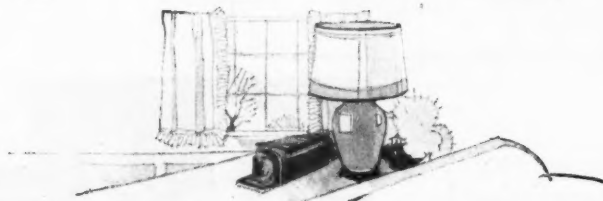
Parker Duofold Duette

PEN HAS THE 25 YEAR POINT PENCIL TURNS LEAD OUT AND IN

ACTUAL
VISITS
TO P & G
HOMES
No. 4



Spic and span in spotless duck,
as a ship-shape tar *should* be!



HE was a handsome sturdy youngster and so dazzlingly resplendent in such a *very* white sailor suit that we determined to discover just what kind of laundry soap his mother used.

Mrs. Brooks* was a little surprised at our visit, but cordial in a quiet, pleasant way. The house was darling—crisp white curtains everywhere, a spacious living-room with soft rugs, many books, and a wide fireplace.

"All my clothes are just as white as Frank's suit," she assured us. "Ever since I discovered P and G nine years ago, I've had marvelously white clothes, with practically no rubbing. P and G is the *quickest* soap I have ever used—yet it is absolutely safe for colors. I always wash this in P and G"—indicating an attractive embroidered linen

table runner—"and the colors always look new."

"Do you use P and G only for laundry?" we inquired.

"No, indeed—for kitchen linoleum, bathroom tiling, windows and woodwork all over the house. You see," she smiled, "I'm a P and G enthusiast."

Does it seem remarkable to you that one soap has so many millions of enthusiastic users? Well, if you want to know why, just try it. In hot water or cold—hard, soft, or lukewarm, P and G does beautiful work. It saves hard rubbing and frequent boiling. And it is safe for colors and fabrics. *Of course*, it is the largest-selling laundry soap in America! Shouldn't it be helping you with your work too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

A laundry hint from Mrs. Brooks

"My linens are always so snowy after being laundered in P and G that I am careful to keep them so. I never put them away warm—but air them first. I put the fresh linens on the bottom of the pile—because I always use them from the top. This keeps my stock moving. Otherwise, certain pieces would grow old-looking from neglect, while others would get undue wear."

*The largest-selling
laundry soap in
America—
that is why it costs
so little*

Compare P and G with the laundry soap you now use—price, weight, quality. Then you'll see P and G's astonishing value.

